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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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PRELIMINARIES FOR PAVING ARE STARTED.

Engineer is on the Ground Ready for Work.

PROSPECT BRIGHT FOR MILE.

Active Work Will Begin in a Few Days.—Forty-Foot Pavement is not Practical in the Business Section.

The people in this borough who are anxious for paving should not be discouraged because the streets are not already torn up for the work, because everything is all right and the paving is a sure thing. It is more work and takes a little longer to get everything in readiness than most people think, but the paving is a sure thing and work will be commenced as soon as all the preliminaries are taken care of.

At the meeting of the council Monday night the engineer was hired and he arrived in town Wednesday morning and started to work. His assistant arrived to-day and by the last of the week he will have everything in readiness for the contractor to put his men at work. The contractor may not be ready to start before the early part of next week but he will not be delayed longer than that.

An effort was made to raise money from abutting property owners to have the business section 40 feet wide instead of 34, but upon making closer study it was found that several valuable shade trees would have to be removed in order to accomplish this purpose so it is not probable that this project will be carried through.

As it seems to be the wish of many of our citizens that the paving in the residence section be made 25 feet wide instead of 24, it was decided to have the wider pavement.

The prospects for having a full mile of pavement grow brighter every day. With the money raised on the bonds we will be able to give five-eighths of the mile and the donations will give them sufficient money to pave the remainder of the distance. One can hear considerable talk on the streets about donations being withdrawn, but when such rumors are traced to their fountain head, they are found to have originated with someone who is opposed to the paving proposition instead of the persons who have offered these donations in order to help the good work along.

The first load of material for the paving was delivered on the ground this morning when Robert Taylor, driving a team for Samuel Green, unloaded a load of sand at the corner of Main and Pike streets. We understand Mr. Green has a contract for delivering a large amount of sand and gravel for the Gipp Construction Co.

Mr. Gipp, who has charge of the work here, arrived in town yesterday and is a very busy man, getting everything in readiness for the start.

Man Drowned Near Kane.

Monday's Kane Republican says: Allen Lamphere, 42 years old, residing at 44 Hemlock avenue, met an untimely death Sunday evening about 6 o'clock by drowning in the pump station pond, not 12 feet from the bank.

It seems, as near as we can learn, that Mr. Lamphere in company with three or four other men, went in swimming and were crossing the pond. They had gotten almost across when it was noticed by the others that Mr. Lamphere was struggling. They asked him if he was all right, and he answered by saying "he was all in," and sank to the bottom before the others could assist him. They immediately began to dive for his body, and it was recovered in about twenty minutes.

Mr. Lamphere and wife have resided in Kane about five years, and have many friends here who will be grieved to learn of his sudden death. The remains were taken to Nile, N. Y., at noon to-day, where the funeral and burial will take place to-morrow.

Jay North, Manager.

Mose Reis, who is in the city looking after his interests in the Bradford theatre—being connected with Charles Samuels of Jamestown, in the ownership of the house, has reappointed Jay North as resident manager. Mr. Reis will do the booking for the house at his New York office and in a general way he will have charge of the affairs of the popular place of amusement.

Mr. North having been local manager of the theatre under its former owners, is fully qualified to look after the local details. He is familiar with its requirements and will know what to do.

Under its new management the Bradford theatre will present first class attractions and the liberal patronage of the public will be fully merited.—Bradford Era.

Subscribe for the MINER.

KILLED NEAR PT. ALLEGANY.

Frank Lehman Run Down on C. & P. A. Tracks Saturday Night.

Frank Lehman met with a terrible accident near Port Allegany at about 10 o'clock Saturday night which resulted in his death a few hours afterward.

Mr. Lehman, whose home is at Coleman's Mill, about three or four miles above Port Allegany, came down to spend the Fourth in town. Shortly before 10 o'clock he started to walk home on the tracks of Coudersport & Port Allegany Railroad. He had only gone a short distance when he was run down by a passenger train and both legs were cut off above the knees. He was picked up and taken back to the Sartwell House and give medical aid, but his injuries were so severe that he died about midnight.

At the point where he was injured the Pennsylvania and Coudersport & Port Allegany tracks are very close together and he probably thought the approaching train was on the other track and paid no attention to it.

The unfortunate man was about 35 years of age and is survived by a wife and one child.

Guffey Flays Bryan.

The following is gleaned from a long dispatch from Denver dated July 5:

William Jennings Bryan to-day received the worst verbal pummeling that ever a candidate for the first office of the land ever sustained at the hands of a man in his own party.

Col. J. M. Guffey of Pennsylvania, the National committeeman whom Bryan yesterday pilloried from his Fairview porch, came back in a long statement in which he called Bryan an ingrate, a traitor, "the most impudent and arrogant boss the Democratic party has ever known," and defined what he said Bryan's "absorption of the party."

The statement was given out amid exciting circumstances. Guffey strode about his quarters in the Adams hotel with clenched fists and face as white as his snowy moustache.

When he handed the copy of his statement to the Hearst News Service correspondent, he said:

"Read it over and tell me what you think of it."

Before any reply was made he nervously strode off, saying as he went:

"If you don't like it, you can substitute for it that Col. Guffey says Bryan is a blackguard and a liar."

The statement is a reply to Bryan's speech and more. It recalls the attack which Bryan made on Roger Sullivan and comments on that incident as illustrating that Bryan is not opposed to bosses and corruptionists, not opposed to corporation representatives—opposed only to such when they oppose him or fail to give him desired assistance.

Here are a few remarks from Col. Guffey's statement:

"Mr. Bryan views me with sanctimonious horror as a 'political boss' who shall never be in the party organization except 'over my protest' as a 'bushwhacker,' who should not be put into 'my' councils to betray 'me.' My councils, indeed! Is the Democratic party really absorbed? Has it no councils? Is Mr. Bryan the whole organization? 'Let the people rule' he shouts and forthwith proceeds to dictate not only every act, every office and every resolution of this convention, but also to put the ban upon every man from any State who is opposed to his candidacy or his platform. Does he turn his vituperation against me because I am boss? Not at all. I am no more a 'boss' now than I was during the campaigns when I won his approbation by trying to elect him. The only 'boss' he hates is the 'boss' opposed to his own arrogant self—the most impudent, domineering, devastating boss the Democratic party has ever known.

"No, there is another reason. I am connected with corporations. Well, I am. I was in 1896 and 1900 and am today. But I have not a dollar in any company which is not an incorporation of my own private business and which I absolutely control. That, however, makes no difference. I am a 'corporation' man but it is only when opposed to Mr. Bryan that I am considered unworthy of association with the one living honest Democrat.

"I have replied to Mr. Bryan's vituperative assault upon me without bitterness and restraint. The narratives is clearly unnecessary simple recital of plain facts is sufficient to enable any fair mind to determine with certainty at a time when harmony is the chief requisite of party success who is the self-convicted falsifier, who the hypocrite, who the real and most arrogant 'boss' ever known in the Democratic party and who, I regret to add, the ingrate?"

Notice.

Daily Brook Lodge is private property and hereafter all trespassers will be prosecuted according to law.

LOIS YOUNG STUDHOLME,
Chairman.

Hand Painted China.

Mrs. H. L. Backus has a line of hand-painted china suitable for graduation presents.

THOUGHTS ON BUSINESS

BY

WALDO PONDRAY WARREN

CIVILIZATION ADVANCED BY THE SELLER

AN English merchant was recently visiting the United States for the purpose of gathering American ideas to infuse into his business. When he showed an interest in the adding machine in use in my office I asked him if he had them in his establishment. No, he had none. "This machine," I said, examining the metal plate, "was invented twenty years ago. How do you account for the fact that you never bought one?" He replied, "I suppose it is because the manufacturer never tried to sell us one."

I thought of the improvements which had been introduced into every line of business within the last twenty years—improvements in machinery, enough to stir the dullest imagination—improvements in system, method, manufacture, merchandise, custom, organization, and everything—because somebody had something to sell, and had argued down every outgrown tradition and prejudice that stood in his way, and had made a place for his product among the equipment of the world. I saw the inventor, the maker, the seller, the advertiser, in their true light as substantial benefactors of the human race.—Civilization owes much to the man who has something to sell.

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OLD CIVIL WAR NEWS.

Items that Were and Are of Interest to Many of Our Readers.

I give you a brief statement of the sufferings of the raiding prisoners that were under command of Col. Dahlgren and Lieut. Col. Cook. On the raid to Richmond, after raiding three days and nights, only stopping long enough to feed our horses, we were ordered to halt build fires, and make coffee, and feed, and being very tired and hungry, we obeyed the order readily. It being about nine o'clock in the evening, and very dark, our fires enabled the rebels (that were surprised all about us) to come near enough to even count the number of our force. This they told me after we were captured. They mustered their forces and secreted themselves in the wood within two rods of the road, about 1½ miles in advance of where we were camped, near a turn in the road. We were ordered to mount and keep well closed up, which we did; Colonel Dahlgren and Lieutenant Colonel Cook in the advance, and as they made the turn in the road the rebels fired a volley into the column from their double-barrel shot guns, loaded with buck-shot, killing Col. Dahlgren and wounding several others and, killing several horses. Then Lieutenant Colonel Cook ordered the fence to be thrown down to the right, which was done in haste, and we fell back in an open field, where we were captured the next morning. They marched us, seventy-three in all, past where Col. Dahlgren lay. I passed within ten feet of him. He was stripped of every thread of clothing, his false leg taken off, and a figure cut off to get his ring. He had three balls through him, and was almost covered with mud, this was about eight o'clock in the morning.

They marched us to Stevensville, where they gave us some water to drink but nothing to eat. We marched until about two o'clock, when they halted, and gave each about a half pint of corn meal and about an ounce of bacon. We mixed our meal with some water, (no salt) and baked it in the ashes. The second day of our march the boys began to give out from exhaustion. I could not walk, and I give a rebel a new overcoat that I had if he would allow me to ride to Richmond. He took it and told me to get into the baggage-wagon, which I did, suffering from severe pain in my side. But they were not content to let me ride there, and they took me out of the wagon and put me straddle of a mule. I did not ride more than half a mile before I fainted and fell off my mule. They let me lay there in the mud until the wagon came up, when they ordered two negroes to pick me up and pitch me into the wagon, and kill the d——d raider, declaring that we all ought to be shot. The most of our boys stood it very well. We arrived at the prison on the second night about nine o'clock. Three rebels came in (one of them having a book) saying: "All of you that have money or watches, come forward and give them up, I will take your names and perhaps, when you are paroled, you may get them again; but those that do not will be searched, and if there is any money or watches found about you, they will be confiscated; and those that did give up their money were also searched, and everything taken, I gave them twenty three dollars, and then they took my blanket, haversack and contents, knife, pocket-book, postage-stamps and in fact everything except the clothes I had on my back. I then had to lie on the floor with a brick for a pillow, as many of the other boys did.

Our rations consisted of a corn dodger about the size of one's hand and about a half pint of black bean soup, which was not fit for hog feed. This was our rations for one day.

I should have stated that the day we arrived at prison there were twenty-eight that were captured and put in prison in the morning. The whole of us were bucked and gagged, and kept in that position for several hours, until several of us were nearly exhausted. This was done because we were raiders. They said that all ought to be shot, and that they were going to turn us over to the civil authorities, and they would hangaveryd——d one of us. They kept the raiders separate from the rest of the prisoners, not even allowing them to ask for a chew of tobacco. They kept a guard over us night and day, and on the 1-hand no language can describe the sufferings there. Frank Leslie's illustrations are nearer than I can describe—worse, if anything, than he represents. The rations there consisted of a piece of corn dodger about three inches square twice a day, and once in two or three days a small piece of meat of doubtful origin.

There are men in this ward who have actually eaten horse beef, and even dog, and were glad to get it. One man I saw in the prison before I went to the hospital that had one of the dog paws that he ate on the island. He said he was going to keep it and fetch it to our lines when he came. The prisoners on the island although nearly exhausted from exposure and starvation, were detailed to carry wood about three fourths of a mile. Some of them were so weak that they could hardly get around, and would refuse to fetch wood. As a mode of punishment for disobedience of orders they had a wooden horse, the legs about five feet long, and made after the style of a carpenter's horse, and the bench of it sharpened almost to an edge, on which they would put the prisoner a straddle, tie his hands behind him, gag him, and fasten a rope to each ankle and stretched both ways, until it would nearly split a man in two. There they would keep him as long as they thought he could stand it, and then they would loosen him, take him down and kick him to his quarters.

There is one man in this ward that they had in this position for nearly two hours. Every few minutes the rebel sergeant would pass by and ask him if he would fetch wood now, his answer was that he was a prisoner of war and that he would not work, "Then sit there until you will," was the answer. He being pretty spunky, they kept him in this position until he was nearly exhausted. He could hardly stand or get to his quarters when they took him down, and told him to get to his quarters. There was a squad that had been detailed to go to the prison where they were going to be paroled, and one poor fellow who was not in the detail, anxious to get away, stole into the ranks, hoping to get paroled. He being discovered by the officer in command, who, having a club in his hand, struck the poor fellow on the head, fracturing his scull, causing death in a few hours. Another was struck on the cheek, cleaving the flesh off one side of his face. I saw one man shot, sitting in the window eating his breakfast; the guard shot him through the glass, hitting him in the head killing him instantly. It is an almost every day occurrance for the prisoners to be shot at through the window by the guards.

A Raider,
Of the Army of the Potomic.

Excelsior Swing Stanchion.

Warranted the best, 20 days trial; stationary when open; noiseless, simple, sanitary, durable; in use on all farms of D. C. Young. The Wasson Stanchion Co., Box 557, Cuba, N. Y.

MARRIED ON MAN-O'-WAR.

Harry L. Heilman and Miss Rosie King Married June 28.

The San Francisco Examiner of June 29, under a large picture of the bride, groom and maid of honor, gives the following account of the marriage of Harry L. Heilman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Heilman of this borough:

Under a flag-draped bower formed between the two monster guns that project from the forward turret of the battleship Minnesota, in the sunshine of a perfect day, and surrounded by a happy crowd of sailors, an enlisted man of the United States navy yesterday was united in marriage to an eighteen-year-old Native Daughter. Chaplain Evans of the Minnesota performed the ceremony.

After the shower of rice and flowers ceased the couple took lunch in the captain's own cabin, an unusual honor in the navy. The couple then came ashore to enjoy the short honeymoon before the fleet sails.

At 3 o'clock precisely the couple stopped before the chaplain on the forward deck. The young bride, Miss Rosie King, carried a huge bouquet and was attended by Miss Pearl Swan, a school-girl friend.

Harry L. Heilman, the blue-jacket groom seemed proud of his bride, and while awaiting the ceremony appeared perfectly at ease as he stood between the giant guns that flanked the two on either side. He should be composed for he is a gunpointer on the Minnesota and a very good one at that.

Over the turret, forming the background for the bridal bower, an American flag was draped, and the stern, black barrels of the frowning guns were hidden in flowers.

The bride's father gave her away. Hardly was the ceremony completed when the blue jackets, all holding their cups in their hands—for the cups were filled to the brim with rice—began the bombardment. This lasted until the couple were safely in the captain's cabin. There will be no rice pudding on the Minnesota until the contumacy is replenished.

Late in the afternoon the bridal party came ashore, and went to the residence of the bride at 439 Linden avenue.

The wedding was to be a double one, with Junius H. Cockrill, also a sailor on the Minnesota, and Miss Grace Peters as the second couple. But the courage of Miss Peters failed her, and at 5 o'clock yesterday she and her blue jacket lover were married at the residence of the bride's parents, 1461 Filbert street Oakland. Cockrill came back to the Minnesota in time to witness the wedding of his comrade, but his bride journeyed to her friend's home on Linden avenue and there awaited the arrival of the bridal party.

Survived Awful Shock.

Eleven thousand volts of electricity—more than three times the voltage ordinarily used on condemned criminals at Sing Sing—failed on Sunday to kill James Hayes, 23 years old, a Westinghouse employe in the New Haven railroad yard at Stamford, Conn.

Although the young man received the tremendous shock at 8:30 a. m. he was still alive in the hospital that night. He had recovered from the delirium and was cheerful and fully conscious. The doctors insisted that he was dying, but he did not realize it.

Hayes climbed to the roof of an electrical locomotive to fix the pantagraph. He grasped a "live" feed wire and received the full charge of 11,000 volts. He was hurled 15 feet in the air and his clothing was set on fire. All the clothing was burned off him. Holes were burned in his back and legs and his nails were peeled off by the current.

At the hospital it was found that all his skin had been literally burned off.

A Cool Proposition.

Pacy Hill was probably the coolest proposition ever sentenced to death in this county. He appeared utterly indifferent to surroundings, and he answered the clerk's and judge's questions as naturally as if he were having a chat with them. Judge Pound sentenced him to death the week beginning July 28th, he went back to the jail, finished his supper, lit his pipe, and sat down apparently entirely comfortable.

Sheriff Ames took him to Auburn the next day, and he said before he reached the prison Hill became very nervous, and told him he was about to the end of life. When he entered "Murderers' Row" at Auburn he realized the game was all off, and asked the warden to grant him one last request, that he might take a picture of Chloa Hancock, the girl he murdered, to his cell.—Little Valley Hub.

Automobiles for Sale.

I have a four-cylinder Ford touring car, which will be demonstrated in Smethport to prospective buyers. Also several other second-hand cars in Buffalo.

J. COOPER HUFFMAN,
25tf Smethport, Pa.

Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice. Quick relief for bites and sting of insects, chapped skin, cuts, burns and sores, tan and sunburn. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

CONVENTION OF "UNTERRIFIED" AT DENVER.

William J. Bryan Will be Nominated To-day.

JUDGE GRAY OF DELAWARE

The Most Promising Candidate for Vice President.—Record Breaking Cheers for Bryan—Guffey Counted Out.

The convention of the "Unterrified" at Denver this week is demanding all the attention, although everybody knows in advance just about what is going to be done.

William Jennings Bryan is certain to be the nominee on the first ballot for President and Judge Gray of Delaware is the most likely candidate for Vice President; notwithstanding the fact that there are several other good and true disciples of Bryanism in a receptive mood for the honor.

That wild frenzy which characterized the spirit of 1896, seized the convention in its grip yesterday afternoon and for 90 minutes a steady roar of voices proclaimed the name of Bryan. The 17 minute demonstration at Chicago was doubled and a new record for political cheering established. The time has come for a meeting of a joint committee on rule from the big political parties to fix a time limit on demonstrations. Otherwise, where will our suffering country land a hundred years from now?

By decree of William Jennings Bryan, Patrick H. McCarren of New York and Col. James M. Guffey of Pennsylvania were last night read out of the Democratic party. Guffey fought to the last ditch, his fight being carried on the floor of the convention, where hot words were passed and fervent appeals made to save the old war horse from his destined fate. But at the end of the stirring battle the doom of his leadership was sounded.

Guffey retains his own seat in the convention, but his following is so cut up he will lose his place in the national committee and his influence in the Keystone State will be reduced to a cipher.

Both contests were remarkable in the fact that they exposed to view veritable sink holes of corruption in the Democratic party. Guffey took his defeat stolidly. So did McCarren. The convention devoted practically the entire night session to the consideration of the report of the credentials committee and in the end approved the report unanimously.

Did the Buttercups Do It?

Dr. W. W. Chalfonte of Philadelphia, according to one of the papers of that city, asserts that the picking of buttercups is injurious to the health of children. He declares that in many instances cases of measles are not measles at all, but are the effects of gathering buttercups and of inhaling their perfume. In Germany and Holland there are laws prohibiting the growing and picking of buttercups and the punishment is severe. The reason for this law was that the abundance of buttercups in those countries was such that epidemics of buttercup fever came regularly, and in some cases the disease proved fatal.

The theory as to the evil effects of buttercups on children was illustrated this week to the satisfaction of at least one family in Ridgway. Sunday, a child member of the family spent some time picking buttercups that grew in the dooryard. Monday the child was sick with a fever and it required considerable doctoring to overcome the complaint which the parents are sure was imparted by the buttercups. They did not know about the disease theory at the time but have read something about it since, and hereafter will guard their offspring, as far as possible, against the contaminating influence of the buttercup. The child is doing nicely now, but for a day or two it was seriously ill, and there seems to be no reason for thinking otherwise than the buttercups did it.—Ridgway Record.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 4, 1908:

Butler Marsted, C. H. Stisser, Oscar Scull, Ward Slocum, Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

A quantity of sidewalk lumber. For particulars inquire of

JAMES QUIRK.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

Her First Trophy.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

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Harriet Lake was indolent by nature. She knew it and admitted it. On warm mornings she preferred a rocking chair on the piazza to any outdoor sport. But Harriet at twenty-four was taking on flesh, and the specialist whom she consulted said, "Play golf, take long walks and eat no rich food." So Harriet went in for golf.

She had just driven her ball from the second tee, a very short and crooked drive, when a cry from the bushes reached her ears. She glanced at her caddie, and, as if having received a silent command, he started in the direction of the ball. Harriet's face wore a somewhat bored expression. Waits between drives were so long. The caddie returned breathless.

"You certainly did swat that gentleman one, Miss Lake," he announced. "Your ball hit him right on the back of the hand as he was pulling some bushes aside looking for his own ball."

"Lucky fellow!" replied Harriet. "I wish something would hit me on the back of the hand so I wouldn't have to trail around this green every day in the week!"

They had reached the fourth green when the skies suddenly clouded over. Glad of an excuse to stop, Harriet directed the caddie to take her sticks back to her locker, while she would cut across lots home for luncheon.

She walked slowly through the old orchard that adjoined the links and was startled by the rumbling of thunder. Realizing that there was no protection in sight, she hurried on until she reached a broad lane that must lead to a house.

Large drops of rain had begun to descend. Another clap of terrific thunder, and Harriet began to run. When the lightning dashed her ambition and energy seemed blighted by it. At the end of the lane stood an old barn. With renewed efforts she started for its sheltering roof and, breathless, reached the door and dashed in.

Her hat had blown off. Her black hair was falling in tiny ringlets about



"MAYBE YOU CAN SAY 'YES.'"

her forehead. Her petticoats were held at ankle length to lend fleetness to her strides. She certainly made a stunning picture as she stood in the barn door.

What was that queer noise? It might be a horrid rat. But before she had time to decide she was confronted by a tall chap clad in white flannels.

"H'm—I beg pardon," he began. "Perhaps we are poaching?"

"We?" repeated Harriet. "Are there two of you?"

"Well, almost," said her companion. "That is, I am here intact, but my friend over there is a bit damaged by a blow he got on the links. Otherwise he's a very decent sort of chap. We ran in out of the rain, you know," he added.

Harriet glanced guiltily in the direction of the "friend," who seemed busy opening a basket.

"I ran in out of the wet, too," she announced, finally. "You don't mind if I stay until the lightning stops, do you?"

"Mind? Well, I guess not!" assured the man, promptly turning host. "Come over and meet my friend, Mr. Burch, won't you? Billy, here's a lady come to our feast."

Billy rose and beamed on the unexpected guest. He was taking a most delicious looking lunch from a large automobile hamper.

"I wish I could shake hands with you, Miss—Miss"—he stammered.

"My name is Lake," supplied Harriet.

"Considering the day," said the chap in white flannels, "it's very appropriate."

"Shut up, Arthur, will you, and let me finish my speech?" Billy interposed. "What I was saying when my married friend, Mr. Ralston, interrupted"—considerable emphasis on the word married—"was that I cannot shake you by the hand owing to the fact that some clumsy gawk selected me as a target this morning. Really there should be a law preventing such persons running at large."

Harriet was getting up courage to confess when Ralston came to her rescue.

"Why talk about personalities, Billy?" he began. "Suppose you ask Miss Lake to share our repast?"

The three of them sat down, tailor fashion, on the floor of the old barn and made inroads on the luncheon.

Nothing was wanting. Cold drink in patent bottles, sandwiches, salads, strawberries and a jar of cream. Such a feast! And when they had finished they were old friends.

"I say, Billy, Violet certainly does put up a fine luncheon," said Ralston.

"She's the greatest girl a man ever found," agreed Billy.

Violet! Who was she? Harriet could not explain why she felt a touch of disappointment on finding that Billy, too, was a married man.

"I guess I'll be running along," said she, after thanking the men for their hospitality. "Oh, no; you need not drive me over in the machine. The fact is I just live in that big shingled house beyond this fence." With a wave of her hand she was gone, and the men watched her slip under the fence and disappear behind the tall hedge on the other side.

The storm did not clear away entirely, and Harriet realized that the lawn dance which the Williamses were holding in honor of their first anniversary must be given indoors instead of on the lawn, so she donned her prettiest frock. Harriet was never on time for anything, and when she arrived the dance was in full swing. Mrs. Williams greeted her at the door.

"You do look peachy, Harriet," said her hostess. "What have you been doing to yourself? You are more lovely than ever. Oh, the poor, poor men!" added Mrs. Williams mockingly.

They stood together for a moment, and the beaming face of Billy Burch confronted them.

"Mr. Burch, this is Miss Lake," said Mrs. Williams. "I know you two will get along immensely. Poor Billy was hit in the hand today by some straggling lunatic who thinks she can play golf. But, barring his injured right hand, he's the dearest man in the world—except one."

At supper time Billy discovered a cozy corner in the conservatory, where they could "eat in peace without being interrupted by that married man, Ralston," as he expressed it. Harriet was eating salad and studying Billy with her big, dreamy black eyes.

"I wish Violet was here," Billy exclaimed as he tasted the salad.

"Really, Mr. Burch, I am sorry that I am not sufficient company."

Billy actually snickered, but Harriet was plainly in earnest, so Billy explained:

"You see, Violet is my colored cook that I brought up with me from the south, and if she were here she could taste this salad and then go home and make a better one. See?"

"But, Mr. Burch, I, too, have a confession to make."

"Spare me!" cried Billy. "I will run for Arthur if you wish a father confessor. He'll listened to my sins for years and really borne with them very leniently."

But Harriet insisted.

"I want you to know that I am the 'chimney gawk,' the straggling lunatic who hit your hand today."

Billy beamed.

"That's not the only place you hit," he said. "That'll get well. But you gave my old heart such a blow that it is completely broken in two, Miss Harriet, and only you can mend it."

"But, Mr. Burch"—began Harriet.

"Oh, I know what you're going to say," interrupted Billy, "but don't say it yet. I'm in love, and I know it, though I don't expect you to fall in love with a cripple on sight; but some day, Harriet," he continued in softer and more earnest tones, "maybe you can say 'Yes.'"

Harriet looked once more into his clear, honest eyes. She, too, was in love, and she knew it. He had none the best of her there.

"I haven't said 'No,' have I?" she asked. And Billy felt that in time his heart would be mended.

A Cure For Despondency.

A large, fleshy man with whiskers told me of a sovereign cure for despondency the other day. He had a number of girls in his employ, among them one that he knew was in struggling circumstances and supporting a sick mother on a none too healthy salary. She had come into the store and laid her purse and somber widow hat on the counter while she did something about the place. The large fleshy man got between her and the purse, and when she was not looking he slipped a five dollar bill into it and moved unconsciously about his business. In the afternoon he noticed that she had a red spot in each cheek, and she was heard asking other girls if they believed in fairies. She never solved the mystery—it was two years ago—and never will unless she reads this. But the five dollar bill was very useful in its little way, and the large despondent man felt so good for two whole days that he hip-hopped on the sidewalk on his way home.—Minneapolis Journal.

Living on Next to Nothing.

Most people do not need the evidence of recently furnished statistics to prove to them that it costs more to live in London than it once did. But it is doubtful if any Londoner now living was ever able to do it on £30 a year, as Boswell's poor Irish painter did. He allowed £10 for clothes and linen. He said a man might live in a garret at 18 pence a week. Few people would inquire where he lived, and if they did it was easy to say, 'Sir, I am to be found at such a place.' By spending threepence at a coffee house he might be for some hours a day in very good company. He might dine for sixpence, breakfast on bread and milk for a penny and do without supper." Of course expenses can always be reduced to a minimum by doing without things. The question is, Which of our various expenses is unessential? Boswell's Irishman hinted at one. "On clean shirt days he went abroad and paid visits," says his ingenious chronicler.—London Chronicle.

Bert Barber, of Elton, Wis., says: "I have only taken four doses of your Kidney and Bladder Pills and they have done for me more than any other medicine has ever done. I am still taking the pills as I want a perfect cure." Mr. Barber refers to DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Use DeWitt's Little Early Risers, pleasant little pills that are easy to take. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
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W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies.

THE DUCKING STOOL.

How a "Scold" Used to Be Punished in Old England.

It is interesting to conjure up a picture of a "ducking" as practiced in England at the end of the eighteenth century.

When the "scold" had been properly tried and convicted, she was escorted by a crowd of her neighbors—in fact, by the whole village—to the nearest pond, and the greener and slimier the pond the better. A long plank was produced, at one end of which was the ducking stool, and in this the screaming, struggling victim was securely pinioned.

The chair end of the plank was then pushed far over the edge of the pond, and at a signal it was tilted deep into the green ooze until the scold was completely immersed.

When the dripping, half drowned woman was raised to the surface again to the jeers and laughter of the onlookers it can be imagined that her tongue wagged to some purpose. After a second dose she emerged more subdued, and after a third or fourth she was as penitent a woman as the village contained and was allowed to proceed home a sadder and wiser woman until the next time.—London Tit-Bits.

DEFIED THE JUDGE.

A Fine For Voting That Susan B. Anthony Never Paid.

"It has been so many years ago that most people have forgotten that the late Susan B. Anthony was fined $100 or a year's imprisonment for having dared to vote for General Grant for president," said a Chicago judge.

"Miss Anthony was as brave as she was intellectual and asked to be allowed to speak a word in her own behalf. Permission being given, she told the court of the struggle she had to keeping a little newspaper going from which she made her living. 'Your honor,' she said, holding up her right hand, 'I am due my creditors not less than $1,000. This money I expect to live to pay, but I am willing this arm shall wither from my body before I pay the $100 you have so unjustly assessed against me.'

"The court realized the deep seriousness of Miss Anthony's declaration, and though she could have been ordered to jail for nonpayment of the fine his honor did not have the nerve to enforce the extreme penalty. Miss Anthony lived for many years after its imposition, but the fine was never paid."—Baltimore American.

Cobra's Fatal Bite.

One of the deadliest snakes in India is the cobra, which claims hundreds of victims every year. An English official once, and one bite a fowl, and, he had curious to learn how long the venom took to act, he timed it with his watch. The moment the cock was touched it screamed, but at once ran off to its mates and began picking as if nothing were wrong. In thirty seconds the comb and wattles changed from red to black. In two minutes it began to stagger and fell down in convulsions, struggling violently until it died, three minutes and a half after it had been bitten. On plucking the fowl a wound but larger than a pin prick was found at the extreme end of the wing. Round this spot the color was very dark, but the rest of the bird's body, excepting comb and wattles, was of a natural color.

The Bribe That Failed.

Among Father Dempsey's steady boarders was a fellow named Delaney. He was drunk as often as he could get that way. Father Dempsey tried all manner of means to get Delaney to quit drinking. At last he said to him:

"Delaney, my man, if you'll stop drinking for six months I'll give you a check at the end of that time for $50."

"Indeed, if I stopped for six months I could write you a check for $100," answered Delaney, and Father Dempsey in telling of it later added:

"And indeed he could, too, for he's a No. 1 mechanic."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Rapid Rhymer.

In illustration of the working powers of George R. Sims, the dramatist and poet, it is said that one night a new piece was produced at a leading theater in London. Sims sat it out and then returned to his office, where he wrote a column and a half of criticism in rhyme. It was near the time for the paper to go to press when he began, and the boy took the piece verse by verse from him to the composing room, the boy walking continuously from one to the other for an hour.

A Hint to the Old Man.

"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large hearted and generous girl."

"I do, sir," with emotion, "and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."

Expressive.

One morning when little Edna's mamma came down to breakfast she was so hoarse she could scarcely speak.

"Oh, mamma," cried Edna, "what a sore voice you've got!"—Chicago News.

Extremely Prosperous.

Mrs. Brown—Is your husband's business growing? Mrs. Smith—Oh, dear, yes! Why last week his receipts were so large that he had to have a receiver appointed to take care of them!—Cleveland Leader.

No grand deer in this world can be a copious speaker about his doings.—Carlyle.

Pinoules for the kidneys, 30 days' trial $1.00. Guaranteed. Act directly on the kidneys and bring relief in the first dose for backache, rheumatic pains, kidney and bladder trouble. Invigorate the entire system. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the Mixer.

Brevities

THE HALL OF FAME.

Perhaps the two best friends in Sutton, N. H., are David Hart and G. S. Morgan. The former is ninety-one years old and the latter ninety-three.

The pioneer of Berks county (Pa.) squires is William Y. Shearer, who has conducted the office of justice of the peace ever since 1804, holding the office for forty-four years, and his ninth commission will expire next year.

Although his famous silver mine has yielded him $18,000,000, Pedro Alvarado, the "Mexican Croesus," has been so extravagant that he has run into debt and has been constrained to lease his property for fifteen years to an American syndicate.

To his collection of more than 800 relics Captain John Ryan of West Newton, Mass., a veteran of several wars, has added a cane the materials of which represent three wars in which he participated—the Mexican, civil and Spanish-American wars.

Sixty years ago Hiram C. Matthews of Derry, N. H., was given a letter of recommendation by several of the merchants of Hyde Park, Vt. Although he has never had occasion to use the letter, at the age of ninety-one Mr. Matthews treasures it as a keepsake.

Because Claude Trent of Princeton, Mo., serving on the dispatch boat Yankton, weighs 215 pounds he is unable to get inside the ship's boilers to clean them and do other jobs required of a bluejacket. He therefore has an easier time than the other men.

Chief Justice Fuller celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday last February. He took the oath of office Oct. 8, 1888, so that before the next presidential election he will have rounded out an honorable service of twenty years as chief justice of the supreme court.

Baron Speck von Sternburg, the German ambassador, has gone to Europe. Baroness von Sternburg accompanied him. Previous to his return to Washington, which will be the latter part of September, the ambassador will spend a short time in Scotland as a guest of Andrew Carnegie.

Modes of the Moment.

Taffeta bows are noticed upon the sleeves of the new white net waists.

The French touch of pink is observable upon many gowns, and the pink panne velvets are used for waist trimmings.

It is a noticeable feature of the summer dresses that many of them have the deep taffeta hem which may or may not match the gown.

A bow of velvet of a contrasting color is a feature of many of the new gowns. The bow is placed just at the front of the yoke so that the ends fall upon the waist.

Drop skirts are necessary to the thin summer dresses. They are made and sewed to the skirt so that there is no danger of the drop being longer or shorter than the dress skirt.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Home Notes.

Never use on the face a wash rag which is not scalded each day.

To prevent sandwiches from drying when they have to be kept for a time wrap them in paraffin paper and then pack in a tin box.

Cut sheets of tin foil and place under the flower vase doilies, and you will have no trouble with any dampness affecting the best polished furniture.

Hang your broom in the cellarway when not in use, and it will keep soft and pliant and wear much longer than when kept in the dry air of the kitchen.

Equal parts of turpentine and ammonia will take paint out of clothing even if hard and dry. Saturate the spot as often as necessary and wash off with warm soapy water.

English Etchings.

Previous to 1834 the house of commons was lighted by candles, which were affixed to massive chandeliers.

To the long list of London clubs there must now be added the Poets' club, which has been formed for the purpose of revivifying the neglected art of versemaking.

A manuscript sold in London the other day had the interest of curiosity. It was that of a tale written by the father of Robert Browning and entitled "The Widow of the Wood."

The cost of maintaining English roads has risen in recent years out of all proportion to the increase of population, owing chiefly to the enormous increase of the traffic. On the Nottingham roads there are now ten vehicles where there was one twelve years ago.

Plays and Players.

"Strongheart" is now being used in the stock companies.

John C. Rice and Sally Cohen will star in a new farce called "Just Like a Man."

The revival of "The Pride of Jenico," which James K. Hackett made this season, has been most successful.

Marie Dove has achieved a decided success in London. Both personally and professionally she is exceedingly popular.

Felice Morris, the daughter of the late Felix Morris, will appear in vaudeville in a one act comedy called "The Old, Old Story."

There is one preparation known today that will promptly help the stomach. This is Kodol. Kodol digests all classes of food, and it does it thoroughly, so that the use of Kodol for a time will without doubt help anyone who has stomach disorders or stomach trouble. Take Kodol to-day and continue it for the short time that is necessary to give you complete relief. Kodol is sold by L. K. Hogarth.

SHORT STORIES.

Red haired persons are usually impulsive and outspoken.

The estate of David Valentine has been settled at Fall River, Mass., after having been in the courts 102 years.

A building in Calais, Me., now used as a moving picture theater and formerly as a prize fighting arena was originally a church.

Elmer Barnard of Orlando, Me., captured a sturgeon nine feet long, weighing 400 pounds, in his weir recently. It is said to be the first sturgeon taken in the Penobscot in ten years.

A cane has been presented to the governor of Virginia that is a souvenir of two battlefields. The cane is of hickory and was cut from the famous field of Chancellorsville, and the handle is a deer foot, the animal being killed in the Wilderness.

The most remarkable oil field in the world is at Summerland, Cal., which is really in the sea and where oil is pumped from beneath the surf. There are now about 200 producing wells there, and they average about five barrels of oil a day.

Stolen Bases.

Infielder Shaefer of the Detroits is unquestionably the greatest comedian today among ball players.

This is Frank Chance's tenth year in baseball. In all of this time Chance has remained a member of the Chicago Nationals.

Walter Manning of the New York Americans seems to have the right stuff in him to make a success of the big league pitching job.

Pitcher Campbell of the Cincinnati Reds has no love for St. Louis. He says his turndown by that club in 1905 put him back three years in his advancement in the profession.

When a pitcher gets as old as Cy Young one does not expect him to spring anything new on the batters but it is claimed Cy is using more curve balls this year than he ever did.

German Gleanings.

One of the large electrical firms in Germany gives yearly from $1 to $7 to employees who have served for more than a year. The sum thus expended exceeds $100,000 a year.

The table linen of the Prussian royal family and likewise of the reigning houses of Baden, Saxony, Bavaria and Wurttemberg is made at one particular factory devoted to this purpose at Bielefeld.

A new German law provides that the German language shall be used at all public meetings in all parts of the empire. This is part of the systematic effort to bring about the Germanization of Alsace, German Poland and the Danish districts of Schleswig-Holstein. The number of people affected is about 4,500,000.

Flippant Flings.

Then, too, those Lamentations of Jot were written long before anybody ever struck out with the bases full.—Atlanta Journal.

Jupiter's eighth satellite has just been discovered, and just to think how long and how nicely we got along without it!—Dorain (O.) Times-Herald.

The short and simple annals of the poor in Georgia now read "jug, jig, jug, jugged," and prohibition goes marching on.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Brag about your "Merry Widows" all you want to, but you just ought to see some of the contraptions men wear on their heads in lodge rooms.—Galveston News.

Flower and Tree.

An orange tree will continue to bear fruit until it is 150 years old.

The leaf of the cocoanut tree is nearly thirty feet long, while a single leaf of the parasol magnolia of Ceylon will shelter fifteen or twenty persons.

The Inaj palm is the tree which is distinguished for having the largest leaves. They often reach a length of fifty feet and are from ten to twelve feet in width.

If you wish flower cuttings to bloom while the plants are small put them in small crocks. As soon as the crocks are filled with roots they begin blooming, especially geraniums.

Facts From France.

The Paris prefect of police has decided that in future no more licenses to play barrel organs in that city will be granted.

Twelve couples have just celebrated their golden weddings at Abreat, a small town near Vichy, France. Three hundred descendants were present at church.

A project is being considered for the transference of the Jardin des Plantes to a site three miles outside Paris, where it is intended to create a "zoological oasis" in which the animals can have comparative liberty.

Pith and Point.

No one expects that his grave will be neglected.

Too many men honor women and abuse their wives.

None of the things described as "heavenly" is to be found in heaven.

A great many people who require "references" should give them instead.

Few men are ruined by great offenses, but most men are sufferers from the effects of petty folly.

Every man who takes a part in your procession expects that some day you will blow a horn in his procession.—Atchison Globe.

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Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.
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Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

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Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

A Lazy Liver

May be only a tired liver, or a starved liver. It would be a stupid as well as savage thing to beat a weary or starved man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging, torpid liver it is a great mistake to lash it with strong drastic drugs. A torpid liver is but an indication of an ill-nourished, enfeebled body whose organs are weary with over work. Start with the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Put them in working order and see how quickly your liver will become active. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvelous cures of "liver trouble" by its wonderful control of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the secretions of the blood-making glands, cleanses the system from poisonous accumulations, and so relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by the defection of other organs.

If you have bitter or bad taste in the morning, poor or variable appetite, coated tongue, foul breath, constipated or irregular bowels, feel weak, easily tired, despondent, frequent headaches, pain or distress in "small of back," gnawing or distressed feeling in stomach, perhaps nausea, bilious or sour "risings" in throat after eating, and kindred symptoms of weak stomach and torpid liver, no medicine will relieve you more promptly or cure you more permanently than Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Perhaps only a part of the above symptoms will be present at one time and yet point to torpid liver or biliousness and weak stomach. Avoid all hot bread and biscuits, griddle cakes and other indigestible food and take the "Golden Medical Discovery" regularly and stick to its use until you are vigorous and strong.

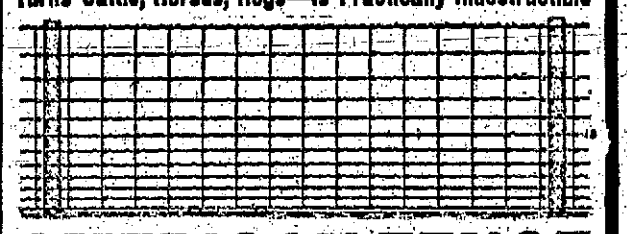
The "Discovery" is non-secret, non-alcoholic, is a glycerin extract of native medicinal roots with a full list of its ingredients printed on each bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. Its ingredients are endorsed and extolled by the most eminent medical writers of the age and are recommended to cure the diseases for which it is advised.

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 9, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The total receipts from the sale of tags in Smethport on Tag Day was $22.60.

—Edwin Stanton fell and painfully injured his right shoulder last Friday while working about his farm.

—The Smethport Window Glass factory put out their fires Thursday for the season. The cutters expect to finish up their work this week.

—The meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held Wednesday, July 15, at 3 o'clock in the M. E. chapel. Members are requested to be present.

—Clarence Sweeny of Bradford was seriously injured while lighting fireworks last Saturday evening. Both eyes were filled with powder and one of them is so badly injured that he may lose his sight in it.

—The S. A. Wilson farm of 100 acres, located four miles from Franklinville, N. Y., was sold on Thursday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to Walter Phillips of Franklinville, who has taken possession.

—Work has been commenced of installing the new patent glass blowing machines in the B. N. McCoy factory at Mt. Jewett. This makes the outlook for that town much better as the factory has been shut down for the past year.

—The Mrs. Emma Mascho farm of 70 acres, located on Butternut Brook, three miles west of Ceres, was sold on Monday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to C. M. Farnum of Angelica, who will take possession this week. The deal included the stock and crops.

—L. L. Wilson informs the Register he has discovered that sheep will destroy the devil's paint brush, the weed that has been doing such havoc to farms hereabouts. Mr. Wilson turned some sheep into a lot infested with the plant and says that they cleaned it up at once, apparently preferring paint brush to grass.—Randolph, N. Y., Register.

—On Monday the following young people left for a camping trip on the Allegany river below Eldred: Misses Roxie King, Katheryn Morey, Goldie Schoonmaker, Miss Terwilliger, Clara Boards of Pine Grove, Anna Palmer of Kingston and Edith Welch, Messrs Mark Schoonmaker, Fred Alcrew and Denver Simpkins. The party was chaperoned [illegible] Welch.

—A double tragedy was committed at Sandy Valley, a short distance from DuBois, at 3 o'clock Sunday morning. Reed Brocious, aged 24 years, who had been married less than a year, shot his wife in the breast twice and she fell dead at his feet. He then turned the revolver upon himself, sending two bullets into his own breast. He died almost instantly. The tragedy was the result of a quarrel between the couple.

—Last week we chronicaled a change of proprietors for the Central drug store, and while we were correct at the time, there has since been another change which leaves the institution in the hands of Mr. Nourse. Mr. Hazen decided to take the store, and in fact assumed control and conducted the business for one day, but owing to developments he decided to withdraw, and passed the store back to Mr. Nourse, who will continue to conduct as hereto fore.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Charles Chase, the famous bee hunter of Larabee, was a brief visitor at this office this forenoon. Chase is a bashful sort of a cuss, but we managed to get him to tell of a recent bee hunt, the story of which came to our ears a day or two ago. Chase had been planning for several days to get out after the wild bees which he had noted in armies working on the white clover, and on Saturday started out alone and within four hours was back with three bee-trees located. On Monday evening Chase, accompanied by Fred Crandall, Dennis Daily and Arthur Burroughs, took to the woods and by aid of a lantern cut two of the big trees. One contained two hundred pounds of clear honey and another produced a hundred eighty, two of the biggest honey producing trees ever cut in Pennsylvania. Chase previously cut one of the big trees and secured a hundred fifty pounds. Chase is a great hunter.—Port Allegany Reporter.

This is what Hon. Jake Moore, State Warden of Georgia, says of Kodol For Dyspepsia: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Dear sirs—I have suffered more than twenty years from indigestion. About eighteen months ago I had grown so much worse that I could not digest a crust of bread and could not retain anything on my stomach. I lost 25 lbs; in fact I made up my mind that I could not live but a short time, when a friend of mine recommended Kodol. I consented to try it to please him and was better in one day. I now weigh more than I ever did in my life and am better in health than for many years. Kodol did it. I keep a bottle constantly, and write this hoping that humanity may be benefitted. Yours very truly, Jake O. Moore, Atlanta, Ang. 1904." Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

An English Turf Tragedy.

Half an hour before the race for the Two Thousand Guineas of 1883 Prince Batthyany, who bred St. Simon and who was one of the most popular racing men of any time, was talking with Lord Cadogan in the luncheon room of the Jockey club stand at Newmarket, when he suddenly reeled and fell.

He was carried to Weatherby's office, and doctors were summoned, but the prince was beyond all human aid, and just before the bell rang for the race for which his colt, Galliard, brother of St. Simon, was first favorite he breathed his last.

A few minutes later "the clear blue sky rang with cheers and shouts as the horses came thundering along, which rose into a roar as Galliard won by a head," while behind the drawn blinds of Weatherby's office Galliard's owner, who had been looking forward so eagerly to this moment, was lying dead. It was owing to the death of his owner that Galopin's great son could not run in the Derby of 1883, which he would almost certainly have won.—St. James' Gazette.

Curing Snake Bites.

Considerable difference of opinion exists with regard to a trustworthy remedy for snake bites. Dr. Lauder Brunton advocates the use of permanganate of potash applied immediately. Mr. Greengrass of North Arcot district, Madras, however, as the result of various experiments states that acetic acid, even in the diluted form of vinegar, is an important and effectual remedy, and it can be applied effectually as long as an hour or an hour and a half after the bite. Cases of recovery from snake bites have followed the application of vinegar after such intervals. An incision must be made over the bite, as much of the poison as possible squeezed out, and then vinegar is to be injected. If the bite is on a limb, a ligature must be placed above it. Mr. Greengrass records twenty-nine cases of recovery from cobra bites by such a use of vinegar. The one failure which occurred was due to the fact that no incision had been made over the bite. A similar treatment is recommended for the stings of scorpions.—London Standard.

Downing Street, London.

The greatest street in the world is one of the smallest. This is Downing street, a dark little alley in the west of London. Here is the real center of the British empire, for it is at 10 Downing street that the premier has his official residence. Ever since Robert Walpole was the prime minister, 200 years ago, the heads of the government have made their homes in this "alley." American tourists usually go out of their way to gaze upon the dingy, almost repellent exterior of this lodge of diplomacy and national ambition, because Sir George Downing, who laid out the street and built the houses therein, was of American ancestry, his mother belonging to the Winthrops of Massachusetts Bay Colony, and stands as the second graduate on the roster of Harvard college. After getting an American education he went to England and, seizing opportunity when it offered, became Oliver Cromwell's ambassador at The Hague.—Exchange.

Feeding the Stock.

The victim of the following story, told in Mrs. Henry W. Cole's "A Lady's Tour Around Monte Rosa," was possessed of a keen sense of humor. Otherwise his dignity might have been ruffled by the unconscious revelation which came to his ears. In the course of Mrs. Cole's travels she met the Rev. Robert Montgomery, the poet, who told her an incident of his early career in the pulpit. When he was first admitted to holy orders he was appointed curate in a rural Scotch district and lodged in the house of a small tenant farmer. Notwithstanding his office of clergyman the family did not appear to hold their boarder in high veneration, for one day he heard the woman servant call out to her mistress:

"Missis, shall I feed the pigs first or gie the mon his dinner?"

An Erratic Echo.

The late Sir John Leng had traveled in most quarters of the globe. On one occasion when visiting Spain he was asked at a certain spot by a traveling companion to test the powers of what was declared to be a wonderful echo. Sir John, slowly and deliberately, in rounded tones, uttered the words, "Dun-dee Ad-ver-ti-ser," the name of the paper he owned. "Dundee Courier and Argus," the name of the opposition paper, came back as the echo. Sir John's friends had played him a trick.

Tea Drinking.

Tea drinking was regarded as one of the feminine vices of a hundred years ago. The Female Spectator of that period observes: "The tea table costs more to support than would maintain two children at nurse. It is the utter destruction of all economy, the bane of good housewifery, and the source of idleness."—London Mail.

Vanishing France.

Old France is slowly disappearing, and its local customs, picturesque costumes and the language peculiar to its ancient provinces will very soon become nothing more than precious souvenirs preserved in faithful memories or related in works of tradition, which will charm our descendants.—Petit Parisien.

A Slight Difference.

What is the difference between a jeweler and a jailer? One sells watches and the other watches cells.

It takes two to make a quarrel, but some folks don't have much trouble finding the other one.—Puck.

Sick Headache and Biliousness relieved at once with Kings Little Liver Pills. A rosy complexion and clear eyes result from their use. Do not grip or sicken. Good for all the family. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is good for cuts, burns, bruises and scratches. It is especially good for piles. Recommended and sold by L. K. Hogarth.

He Wonder He Fled.

A tall, solemn looking young man entered the restaurant with a mild apologetic air and seated himself at a vacant table near the middle of the room. It was evident that he dreaded to intrude. He wanted to get as far away from other people as possible. He even blushed painfully when he gave his order, and the most casual observer could have told that he was bashful. Just as his dinner was brought to him a buxom looking woman with seven small children entered the place. The head waiter swept the field with his eye, pounced down upon the table where the young man had sought solitude, motioned to the mother, who clucked to the chickens, and a moment later they were all around that one table.

That young man's face was a serial story.

Other people entered the restaurant, glanced at the group, smiled significantly and seated themselves.

"He doesn't look it, does he?" queried a pleasant faced old lady in an audible whisper.

"She looks at least ten years older than he," murmured a girl at the next table.

He flew to the hatrack, tossed a half crown to the waiter and tried to go through the door without opening it.—London Telegraph.

A Wasted Opportunity.

"Ole Bill" Foote and "Ole Bill" English were political traveling companions, and many stories were told of their joint journeying.

The two hardy Democratic campaigners were doing southern California one election time and got into the country at the back door of Los Angeles. One night they reached a farmhouse where they had expected to find lodgings. The farmer had nothing but two armchairs. Foote and English pleaded for beds—cots, trundle beds, anything that looked like a bed. Nothing doing.

The campaigners, like Napoleon or Grant or like Washington at Valley Forge, slept in their chairs.

When the first advance agents of dawn scudded out of the west, the politicians laboriously got out of their chairs and went out for fresh air. They met the old farmer milking the cow with the crippled horn.

"Do you know, gentlemen," he said blandly and without contrition, "you could have had a bed, after all? I was expecting two Democratic orators here last night and saved the beds for them, but somehow or other they never showed up, dang 'em."—San Francisco Call.

The King Had Rights.

Once when Macready was performing at the theater at Mobile, Ala., his manner at rehearsal displeased one of the actors, a native American of pure western type. This Claudius in "Hamlet" resolved to "get even" with the star for many supposed offenses, and in this way he figured out his purpose. When in the last scene Hamlet stabbed the usurper he reeled forward and after a most spasmodic finish stretched himself out precisely in the place Hamlet required for his own death. Macready, much annoyed, whispered fiercely:

"Die farther up the stage, sir."

The monarch lay insensible, upon which in a still louder voice the Hamlet growled:

"Die farther up the stage, sir."

Hereupon the Claudius, sitting up, observed:

"I believe I'm king here, and I'll die where I please."

The tragedy concluded without more ado.

Broke Up His Speech.

Judge Norton was solemn, stern and dignified to excess. He was also egotistical and sensitive to ridicule. Judge Nelson was a wit and careless of decorum. He did not like Judge Norton. At a bar supper Judge Norton in an elaborate speech, referring to the early days of Wisconsin, described with tragic manner a thunderstorm which once overtook him in riding the circuit. The scene was awful, "and," said the judge, "I expected every moment the lightning would strike the tree under which I had taken shelter."

"Then," interrupted Nelson, "why in thunder didn't you get under another tree?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Snow Hurricane.

The buran, or snow hurricane of the Pamirs, is a meteorological phenomenon of great interest. Even in midsummer the temperature during a snow buran frequently falls to 14 degrees F., while in one winter it dropped to 45 degrees below zero at the end of January. The buran comes with startling suddenness, the atmosphere growing dark with whirling snowflakes where scarcely a minute before the sky was perfectly clear.

One of Life's Little Tragedies.

He seized her, drew her to him and deliberately struck her. She made no sound. Again and yet again the brute repeated the blow, and still she gave no sign of suffering, but when, with rapidly growing anger, he struck her for the fourth time she shrieked aloud, and her head flew off. She was only a match.—Bohemian Magazine.

Wrong Way Around.

"Mr. Purslingen says he believes a man should pay as he goes."

"Judging from the way he gets in debt, he must be accustomed to traveling backward."—Washington Star.

It Couldn't Be.

Denham—I wish you would talk English to the baby, Mrs. Denham—Do you think my baby English is any worse than your baseball English?—Exchange.

Tears in mortal miseries are vain.—Homer.

Pineules for Backache, little golden globules, easy and pleasant to take. Act directly on the kidneys purify the blood and invigorate the entire system, for backache, lame back, kidneys bladder. 30 days' trial $100. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Curiosity Not Stifled.

A certain Tombs prisoner landed in jail almost penniless. He was a man who had figured in a number of the town's shady transactions, and his name was pretty well known. A few days after his incarceration he wrote to a friend asking for a monthly allowance of $10 to be continued during his term of imprisonment. The friend, remembering past favors, remitted the amount each month during a period that covered two trials and the long time intervening. One day it occurred to him to inquire into the manner of expending the allowance. He supposed it was used to buy occasional extra meals, a few cigars and newspapers, but just as a matter of curiosity he asked for particulars. He found to his astonishment that the prisoner had never ordered an extra meal and had not smoked a cigar all the time he had been in jail.

"Then what in thunder," demanded the man, "have you been doing with that $10 a month?"

"I subscribed to two press clipping bureaus," replied the prisoner coolly. "You don't suppose, do you, that I am going to pass through this, the most critical time of my life, without finding out what everybody has got to say about me?"—New York Times.

An Opium Farm.

Not far from Macao, at the mouth of the Canton river, China, is an opium "farm." Standing in a courtyard is the great wooden building devoted to opium manufactures, and in its vestibules are heaps of brown balls, not unlike cocoanuts. Two coolies, seated, cut them open and remove the black, jamlike substance, they contain—the compressed poppy. The outer covering is a thick layer of dried leaves. Inside the building the whole place is full of smoke, arising from a hundred charcoal fires in open earthenware "chatties," placed in a row around the walls. Over each fire rests a shallow brass pan in which bubbles a mixture of poppy and water. This mixture is strained through paper and passes on to be more carefully boiled in the next room, where the process is exactly similar. From there it goes to another room, where the syrup is reduced to the consistency of treacle over slow fires. In another building the opium is packed in tiny cans and placed in cases and sealed with the government seal.

Spanish Emeralds.

"Fine old Spanish emeralds" is a phrase which means something quite different from what it seems to imply. There never was an emerald mined in Spain, but after the conquest of Peru the conquerors brought home great quantities of loot, of which emeralds formed an important part. In this way the finest emeralds came into possession of the old Spanish families, and as none had been seen in Europe previous to that time all the best stones soon became classed as fine old Spanish emeralds. Today the expression still applies to the best emeralds of any source.—New York Sun.

Double Proof.

"Do you believe in heredity, Mrs. Simpson?"

"Indeed I do. Every mean trait Bobby has I can trace right back to his father."

"Does his father believe in heredity too?"

"Yes. He traces Bobby's faults all back to me."

Experience.

"Experience," said the wise person, "is the best teacher."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Torkins sadly, "but when it comes to horse races some people go on taking postgraduate courses all their lives."—Washington Star.

Still Cool.

Hook—I understand he married a cool million. Cook—Yes, but he's complaining now because he hasn't been able to thaw out any of it.—Illustrated Bits.

When a man borrows trouble the interest eats up the principal.—Kansas City Star.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank

of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

The Bean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Subscription—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Births, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday July 9, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York

FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT
WILLIAM D. PORTER
of Pittsburg

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Senecaville

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HABGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN B. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of Clermont

A BIG war cloud is hanging over England and Russia.

THE Unterrified will all be Bryan men after to-day.

THE signs of returning prosperity are coming in fast. On Monday 50,000 idle men returned to work in the Pittsburg district, and prospects look bright for steady employment.

THE Peary North pole hunting crew left New York on Monday on the good ship Roosevelt. The party claim they will certainly reach the pole this time. Where have we all heard this assertion before?

NINETEEN people were drowned and over one thousand rescued in boats at Lincoln, Neb., on Monday from a terrible flood caused by a cloud burst. The property damage is estimated at $1,000,000.

MURAT HALSTEAD, for over half a century one of the leaders in American journalism and magazine writers, died at his home in Cincinnati, Ohio, July 2, in his 79th year. Mr. and Mrs. Halstead celebrated their golden wedding a little more than a year ago.

FRANK H. HITCHCOCK, former First Assistant Postmaster General was yesterday unanimously chosen chairman of the Republican National committee. No better man could have been chosen for the place and he will lead the Republican party to a great victory this fall.

THE Socialists have nominated Martin R. Preston for President of the United States. There is very little chance of his being elected, and less chance of his being able to be inaugurated if he should be elected. Preston is under the age limit, being only 35 years of age, and another serious handicap is the fact that he is serving a 25-year sentence in the Nevada state prison for the murder of a man at Goldfield.

THE most disastrous fire that has visited Boston since the burning of the Chelsea district, destroyed one quarter of a mile of the water front, including the Cunard and Leyland line piers, the Boston & Albany grain elevator and the Grand Junction dock, (Pier 3), yesterday, and causing a loss which is estimated at more than $1,000,000. One life was lost, that of Daniel Sullivan, the 70-year-old watchman of the Cunard line pier, who perished in the flames while trying to fight the fire.

WHEN a resolution was introduced at the close of the State Prohibition convention ago thanking the local press for the notices given the convention proceedings, Geo. W. Higgins objected to its passage. "Why should we thank the press?" asked Mr. Higgins, "for printing the news? or being compelled to take notice of us now, when they have not done so before? The papers simply are doing their duty as newspapers are doing and have done nothing for our cause." This line of argument appealed to the majority, and the resolution was tabled. It was a fair sample of Prohibition's peevishness.—Bradford Era.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN'S uncalled-for and wilful attack upon James M. Guffey, a strong and influential member of the Pennsylvania delegation and chairman of the Democratic State committee, has placed the peerless leader in a very poor light and showed the people the stuff of which he is composed, says the Oil City Derrick. Colonel Guffey's reply was a masterpiece of dignified sarcasm and a complete exposure of the perennial candidate for Presidential honors. Bryan could not question Mr. Guffey's Democracy, but, as he was no longer for Bryan, he poured out upon him a stream of invective and abuse. Mr. Guffey refused to submit to this, even from the man his party is seemingly on the point of going wild over, and declined any dictation on the part of the self-assertive "boss" from Nebraska. He has disbelieved in his nomination a third time, because he is convinced he cannot carry a single Northern state and his own personal knowledge of the vagaries and shifting character of the man. Colonel Guffey represents about all that is left of the Democratic party in this State. He has stuck by it through thick and thin and kept it alive on many an occasion when it was dangerously near dissolution. His advice has always been the best that could be offered, and when his party refused to follow it, they were always certain to regret their mistake. Mr. Kerr, who has disputed his authority to control the Democratic delegation from this State and who is an ardent admirer of Colonel Bryan, deserves nothing at all from the Democratic party. He is always on hand to receive the bouquets when there are any to be distributed, but he has contributed little or nothing at all for the support of the party. The rank and file of the Democracy in this State know that Guffey is right in his estimation of Bryan, and that his nomination at Denver will only serve to make the Republican victory next fall so much the greater. The incident, occurring on the eve of the Democratic Presidential nomination, is a most unfortunate circumstance for Mr. Bryan. It should have been to his interests to conciliate the elements in his party that were against him and insure a united organization for any man who might be named for the highest honor in the gift of the American people, even if that man chanced to bear some other name than that of William Jennings Bryan. A little diplomacy on his part and Col. Guffey's caustic reply would never have been called forth. Now it leaves him without an answer and makes him certain of facing a more determined opposition in the Denver convention than appeared possible a few days ago. But whatever may be the outcome Colonel Guffey has vindicated himself and the results next fall will be a further verification of his good judgment and common sense.

One Life by Three Routes.

A dispatch dated July 8, to the Chicago Record-Herald from Hazelhurst, Miss., says:

Unable to decide which of three women he really wanted to marry, Eli Hood, 17 years old, a boarder at the farm house of Eli Graves, eight miles from Hazelhurst, yesterday decided that the best way out of the difficulty was to commit suicide in such a way that each of the women would know that he had killed himself for her.

For Miss Carrie Nelson, 18 years of age, he swallowed 30 grains of morphine; for Miss Eva Spellman, aged 25, he drank four ounces of laudanum, and for Miss Henrietta McDonald, aged 16, he put the muzzle of a shot gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger with his toe.

Beside his body was found on a table a paper that contained morphine. On it was scrawled "for Carrie." The empty laudanum bottle stood on a slip of paper on which was written "for Eva." An empty envelope, on which a picture of a shot gun had been drawn, was inscribed "Henrietta."

Except that he had been acting queerly and that he had become despondent, Graves said he saw nothing in Hood's behavior that indicated that he contemplated self-destruction.

Hundreds of people who suffer from backache, rheumatism, lame back, lumbago and similar ailments are not aware that these are merely symptoms of kidney trouble, and to be relieved they must correct the cause. Pineules for the Kidney, pleasant and easy to take, are readily absorbed by the stomach and blood act directly on the kidneys, bringing quick relief to backache and other symptoms of kidney and bladder derangements. A dose of Pineules at bed time brings relief. 30 days' trial $1.00 and guaranteed or money back. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Operation for piles will not be necessary if you use Man Zan Pile Remedy. Put up ready to use. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Try it. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Chestnut Fence Posts for Sale.

Second-growth chestnut fence posts at 12 cents each. Apply to James Ghirk.

MOVE THE BOWELS AND WORK OFF A COLD WITH THE ORIGINAL BROMO-QUININE LAXATIVE

Notice to Painters.

The directors of the Keating township School District give notice that bids will be received by the Secretary for the painting of any or all school houses in Keating township, on or before July 15. Paint to be used to be composed of pure linseed oil. Bids will be received with Keating township furnishing paint, also with contractors furnishing paint. Said directors of school district reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

H. D. OTTO, Secretary.
Smethport, Pa., R. F. D. No. 2.

Season of 1908.

My large Spanish jack "Pedro" will stand at the farm of Robert Oliver in Reed hollow the remainder of the season.

JOHN CONNERS.

MADE TO MEASURE

Our Tailoring Department has the New Cloths for Spring.

200 Choice Worsteds and Cassimeres—the advance Spring and Summer fabrics.

You leave your measure, select your cloth and the suit is delivered in ten days.

Every individual point you like best is put in. It's made as you prescribe by artists in the made-to-order trade.

Just like high-class tailoring all but the price—that's only a little more than ready-made.

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

Notice to Merchants.

We are manufacturers of Canvas and Canton Flannel Gloves of all weights. Plain band top; knit wrist; gauntlet or Cadet, &c. When in need write us, telling what you want and we will either call on you or send you samples with prices that we know will please you. Our Gloves are good and large when so ordered. We sell at Wholesale only. Kindly remember us when in need and patronize Home Industry.

Barbour & Barbour,
NEWERF, McKean Co., PA.



BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 493

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Notice of Application for Incorporation.

Notice is hereby given, that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county on Monday, the 27th day of July, A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as counsel may be heard, under and in pursuance of the General Assembly of the State of Pennsylvania entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," Approved the 29th day of April, A. D. 1874, and the several supplements thereto, by Ada M. Young, Jane N. Forsythe, Katherine D. McKean, Rena G. Walker, Addie O. Specht, and others, for a charter for an intended corporation to be called the "Travellers' Club of Smethport, Pennsylvania," the character and objects of which are, The maintenance of a club for social enjoyment, educational and literary purposes, and to that end to provide, furnish, equip and maintain a suitable building or club house for the use, comfort and convenience of its members, and if practicable to establish and maintain a public library thereon; and to provide the necessary funds for such purpose; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and the supplements thereto.

SHERIDAN GORTON, Solicitor.

WANTED INFORMATION REGARDING Farm or Business for sale. Not particular about location. Wish to hear from owner only who will sell direct to buyer. Give price, description and state when possession can be had. Address,

We Have 80 Farms For Sale.

Small Dairy Farm Close to Fine Market.

We offer for sale a productive farm of 41 acres, all level, two miles from Olean, N. Y., and one-half mile from Allegany, N. Y. 30 acres cleared, balance in pasture and timber land. Good water, fair fences, old orchard. Nine room house in good repair, one barn 30x40, one barn 30x36. Buildings insured for $2,500. One mile to Allegany High school. Dairy of seven cows, span horses, and complete equipment of farm tools and machinery. Price for entire property, $3,500, terms one-half cash, mortgage for balance. This farm is a snap and location close to excellent markets.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.



E-708

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$203,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

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White Diamond flour

It makes Good Bread.
Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove,
Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE
FOUNDED IN 1815

A high grade college with good traditions. Ideal location. Expenses reasonable. Fine new commons and club house for young men. Well equipped gymnasiums. Preparatory School connected with college. Fall term opens Sept. 15th.

H. W. RUBIN

Hot Weather

is here, and our BARGAINS in Clothing have also arrived. All Summer SUITS for men and boys will go at prices that will make you sit up and take notice. Come and see.

H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

ANDORFER & LYLE
Groceries.

Headquarters for FRUITS & GREEN GOODS in Season.

Just Received shipment of NEW CELERY.

Our Prices are Right
Consistent with Quality of Goods

ANDORFER & LYLE

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S
Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for
We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

PICKLES

This week we offer Sweet, Sour and Mixed Pickles, at inducing prices.

All kinds of Fruit and Green Goods.

Fine Graulated Salt
$1.25 a barrel.

Diamond F. Salt
$1.50 a barrel.

Oscar Engstrom.

DR. E. R. BAKER,
DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m,
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

Do you know

that I am now prepared to furnish you with some of the finest and most modern.

Photographs

ever made in this vicinity? I am making all the popular styles from the largest sizes to the smallest, and a trial sitting will convince you that my work is strictly first class.

I will gladly give you a sitting at any time and if you are not perfectly satisfied with the proofs it costs you nothing.

Curt Witherow
East Main St.
Smethport, Pa.

H. C. BEMIS
Fine Interior Trim and Stair Work
Planing Mill & Retail Lumber

Estimates furnished from plans and specifications

Inquiries and inspection solicited.

Both Phones

Semi-Annual Clearance

—OF—

The Lindholm Co.

From Saturday, June 27th,

To Saturday, July 18th.

Three weeks of money saving days for wise buyers. Don't forget the dates; you know the place.

Rock Bottom Prices. The chance of this season to buy dry goods regardless of cost.

List of some of our offerings will be left at your door.- Look it over--then come.

The Lindholm Company.

DALY & GARLICK.

Buy the Standard make of Farm Machinery, for which you can always get extra parts. We sell the McCORMICK, DEERING and MILWAUKEE MOWERS, TEDDERS and RAKES.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 9, 1908

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Did you enjoy a safe and sane Fourth.

—See advertisement of Herrick Agency this week.

—George Morrison is suffering with inflammatory rheumatism.

—The band stand is being re-painted and otherwise fixed up for use.

—Dance at the Lyceum every Saturday night. Admission 50 cents.

—There will be preaching in the Baptist church next Sunday morning and evening.

—Remember the dates for the McKean County Fair and Races, September 15, 16, 17 and 18.

—Farmers are busy harvesting their hay. In most sections the crop is much larger than usual.

—Don't forget the Saturday night dances at the Lyceum. Chadwick's orchestra furnishes music.

—Children's fine wash suits and men's summer pants at a great reduction are advertised by Monheimer on this page.

—Adolph Engstrom has purchased of Chas. McKean the house and lot on Bank street, formerly owned by M. J. Welch.

—A clearance sale is advertised by Fry & Comes in their space this week; great reductions are made in all summer goods.

—Our devil assisted in making the crowd at the celebration at Kane and he says everybody had a good time in that lively mountain town.

—Fred Wendall who has been employed at Falcon, W. Va., returned home Tuesday and is confined to his home with typhoid fever.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar H. Cain [illegible] their home in Olean, Friday, July 3, [illegible] pound boy. Their many friends [illegible] nder congratulations.

Those in charge of the McKean County Fair and Races are making progress for their fourth annual meeting which should be bigger and better than ever.

—It was reported to the B., R. & P. dispatcher's office at East Salamanca yesterday afternoon, that Stephen Jobowicz, alias Polish Sullivan was arrested at Crooktowanda, by Buffalo police. Sullivan is charged with the murder of [illegible]

—The Mississippi Window Glass plant of Port Allegany have put the fires in their furnaces and expect to commence work soon. This plant has been shut down since January.

—While digging up the gas line on Main street John Cramsie unearthed a little green shovel, evidently a St. Patrick's Day emblem, in days of yore. The MINER man has placed it among other relics and tenders thanks to the donor.

—Miss Mary Oleson, aged 17 years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Odel Oleson, was fatally burned about 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon at DuBois. A small boy threw a fire cracker under her shirts, igniting her clothing. She died at the hospital at midnight.

—On Monday M. S. Geary, the popular propietor of the Hotel Imperial, sold his interest in the Geary Oil & Gas Co., to Erie parties, the consideration being $6,700. This company has valuable leases near Mt. Alton. The rest of the stock is held by Smethport parties.

—The Smethport team played two games of ball at Mt. Jewett, July 4th. The first game was with the Hazelhurst team and resulted in a victory for Smethort by a score of 7 to 2. The second game was with the Mt. Jewett team and resulted in a victory for the home team by a score of 13 to 3.

—During the ball game at Mt. Jewett between the Mt. Jewett and Smethport teams last Saturday the grandstand fell down. It is a small affair but was crowded with people and it is a wonder no one was injured. Some of the spectators say the decisions in that game were enough to knock the underpinning out of a grandstand three times the size of that one.

—Peter Benson, aged 52 years, 5 months, died at the County Home Tuesday. Pneumonia was the cause of his death, which was very sudden. Mr. Benson was a former resident of Whetmore township, but has been an inmate of the Home since May 20th last. He has no relatives in this country but he leaves a wife and children in Sweden to mourn his loss. His body was shipped to Philadelphia.

—Seventy-two dead and 2,736 injured are the second day totals of the accidents attending the celebration of the Fourth of July in the United States. This breaks all records for deaths since 1899. The number of deaths this year reported is 13 more than at the same time last year. In 1905, 59 were dead two days after the Fourth. The number of injuries, however, is only two-thirds of the average for the last five years. This is regarded as an indication that the agitation for a sane Fourth is having its effect. This year's fire loss is $6,636,435,

—Last Friday afternoon or evening Charley Anderson was "rolled" for about $25 or $30, and a well known East Smethport character is suspected of doing the job. At least this gentleman (?) seemed to think this a good time to take a trip to unknown quarters for his health. Charley Anderson, the victim is a woodsman who makes this place his headquarters for his periodical celebrations and his loss only shortens his stay in our midst.

—Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Enos Carr entertained 12 of their friends at their home on Bank street in honor of their tenth wedding anniversary, and the second anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Braun of Brooklyn. Mr. and Mrs. Carr and Mr. and Mrs. Braun were the recipients of many beautiful presents. The guests were entertained by vocal and instrumental music, after which delicious refreshments were served, and at a late hour the guests departed, wishing them many more such anniversaries.

—A stray cat meandered into H. C. Wells' drug store Wednesday morning and when Mr. Wells attempted to put its catship out it took fright, ran up the door casing, jumped over into the display window into some sticky fly paper and then the destruction began. The cat with the fly paper attachments tipped over mucilage and ink bottles, ran over pictures and writing paper until it finally found its way through the doorway. That window looked like the auditorium at Denver after Mr. Bryan's party has taken a recess.

—George N. Barrett was arrested on a charge of stealing chickens from J. S. McCarthy, who conducts a meat market on Main street and at a hearing before Justice R. C. Gleason, was held for the October term of court in the sum of $300, in default of which he was remanded to jail. Years ago Mr. Barrett was a well-to-do, honest, prosperous farmer in Keating township but he became a victim of strong drink and the opium habit, which is much worse, and has apparently fallen to such a level that he will steal rather than do without this hellsaving drug.

—An Oil City dispatch dated July 7th says: George Welker, aged 16 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Welker of Rouseville, was found hanging dead in the barn on his father's property this evening. During the day he had been picking berries with his brother, Guy. When they returned home they went to the barn, where they had placed a horizontal bar and other athletic equipment. George fastened a strap to the bar and passed his head through the loop. He then tried to lift himself from the floor by the muscles of his neck. Guy watched the performance for a time and went after the cows. When he returned he found his brother hanging dead from the strap. An overturned milk stool beneath indicated how he had been caught.

Personal Mention.

Tim Mullin of Bradford was in town Monday.

Miss Belva Gerritt is the guest of Kane friends.

Miss Theo Jordon of Port Allegany was in town Sunday.

Webb Hopper spent the Fourth with his parents in Hornell.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Marks left Tuesday for Camden, N. J.

H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was in town Tuesday on business.

A. M. Thamm of Bradford was a Smethport visitor Saturday.

Roy Chase spent the Fourth with Bradford and Olean friends.

F. D. Gallup was in Bradford the fore part of the week on business.

Miss Edna Comes is a guest of Mrs. Dan Wright of Port Allegany.

Mrs. Pauline King is in Port Allegany this week visiting friends.

Mrs. Emil Thamm is the guest of her son, A. M. Thamm, at Bradford.

Miss Jessie Ray of Colegrove was visiting friends in town this week.

Anson Burdick was a business visitor at Olean and Bradford on Tuesday.

Walter Brenneman and Earl Hafner were in Kane Friday and Saturday.

Miss Leona Hogarth visited friends in Bradford the latter part of last week.

Will Blake of Eldred was calling on friends in town the first of the week.

Mrs. O. H. Barker has returned after a week's visit with Pittsburg friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Malcom were Buffalo visitors Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gray and children left Wednesday for Jeanette, Pa.

Mrs. C. B. Corwin is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. F. Grabe of Coudersport.

Roy Stark returned to Bradford Monday after spending a few days in town.

Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Chase were Bradford visitors from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. Arthur Miller of Bradford is a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Oviatt.

Mrs. Margaret Gilligan and daughter, Catherine, of Olean are visiting friends in town.

Harold McCarty and Earl Chase were the guests of Instanter friends over Sunday.

Mrs. B. L. Knapp and R. K. Knapp were in Rochester from Friday until Monday.

Amandus Engstrom and daughter, Aileen, passed Sunday with friends at Mt. Jewett.

Mrs. Folger left for her home in Geneva, N. Y., Wednesday after a week's visit with her daughter, Mrs. O.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellie Burdick spent the Fourth at Norwich, the guests of their parents.

Miss Anna Berge came down from Mt. Jewett Saturday and is visiting friends in town.

Misses Sylvia Lawrence and Belva Gerritt visited Olean friends Tuesday and Wednesday.

Chas. O'Reilly of Pittsburg is spending a week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. O'Reilly.

Misses Viola Badger and Rita Gorton passed Sunday at Port Allegany with Mrs. V. J. Coleman.

Mrs. W. H. Miller and children of New York are visiting relatives and friends in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thornton passed the Fourth at Bradford as the guests of Mrs. Thornton's parents.

J. B. Gallup and daughter, Charlotte, passed the Fourth with Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Jones of Bradford.

Misses Blanche Ohlcote and Edna Thoms left Tuesday for a couple of months at Point Chautauqua.

Mrs. James McGinley returned home Friday from California where she had been for the past few months.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus went to Bradford Friday in the former's car.

Miss Sarah Greer returned home Saturday from Ridgway where she has been attending a summer school.

Mrs. Harvey Kellar and daughter, Grace, of Monongahela City are the guests of Mrs. Kellar's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Heilman.

Drs. John Clark and H. L. McCoy were in attendance at the McKean County Medical Society meeting held in Bradford Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pantonat of New York arrived in town last night and are spending a few days at Frog Camp the guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Hamlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Braun of Brooklyn, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Enos Carr for the past two weeks, returned to their home yesterday.

F. B. Grantner and John H. Buchheister of Baltimore, Md., who is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Grantner of Newark this week, spent Sunday at Rock City.

Mrs. James A. McKean and grandchildren, James and Margaret Hubbard, returned Tuesday from Cortland, N. Y., where they have been visiting for the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. George Howe, daughter, Ruth, and son, Willie, returned Monday after a week's visit with Mrs. Howe's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Jones of Bradford.

Mrs. C. W. Balsley and daughter who have been the guests of Mrs. Balsley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Richmond, for some time left for their home in New York Monday.

Mrs. W. H. Knapp and daughter, Grace, of Toronto, Canada, are visiting friends in town. Mrs. Knapp was formerly Miss Clara, daughter of F. A. Thomas, an old employe of this office.

Co. Supt. B. S. Bayle, Principal T. T. Allen and W. F. Specht left Tuesday for State College, Pa., where they will attend the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Educational association.

Spring Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Just a little Cascasweet is all that is necessary to give to your baby when it is cross and peevish. Cascasweet contains no opiates nor harmful drugs and is highly recommended by mothers everywhere. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drugs Laws. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm implements. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

One application of Man Zan Pile Remedy, for all forms of piles relives pain, soothe, reduces inflammation, soreness and itching. Price 50c. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

100

CHILDREN'S WASH SUITS

at

LESS THAN COST PRICE.

$1.00, 1.50 & 1.75 Suit for $1.00

$2.00, 2.50 & 3.00 Suit for $1.50

They are beautiful little Suits to sell at so small a price, but we rather lose a little and sell now than carry them over to next season. Also

1-2 PRICE SALE

on all

Men's Summer Pants.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

July Clearance Sale

Prices reduced 1-4 to 1-2

All surplus stocks and odds and ends of Summer goods must march out to the tune of low prices.

We've arranged so worthy a lot of bargains for this week that it will richly repay you to make an early visit to this store Friday morning.

The reductions range all the way from a quarter to a half off the regular prices.

COME! You'll find it profitable.

Muslin Underwear	Petticoats	Knit Underwear
Tailored Skirts	Hosiery	Embroideries
Neckwear	Laces	Belts
Men's Underwear	Men's Shirts	Men's Hosiery
Parasols	Wash Goods.	

FRY & COMES

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE CASH GROCERY

COFFEE FROM

15c TO 35c PER LB.

Our Canned Goods are all O. K. in price and quality. Try them.

Corn	10c and 12c
Peas	11c " 13c
Tomatoes	10c " 12c

Other goods equally as low in price.

Potatoes now selling at 90c bushel.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

$10.60 from Smethport

TO

Atlantic City,

CAPE MAY,

WILDWOOD, SEA ISLE CITY, or OCEAN CITY, NEW JERSEY.

JULY 17, 31, AUGUST 14, 26, 1908

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 4:03 P. M. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion, or within final limit returning, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager

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WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

W. F. Hammond SMETHPORT

A Proxy Father-In-law

By C. B. LEWIS.

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It was reported of the Hon. John Sharpe that he had but two fads where other schemers and speculators and owners of railroad lines had a dozen. One of his fads was the P. and G. railroad, in which he owned a controlling interest. He knew every foot of its roadbed and kept himself posted on all details.

His other fad was that his daughter Edith, having finished her school days, should interest herself in the P. and G. even as he had. If she had been cut out for an old maid or a business woman she might have obeyed orders literally, but as it was she had to assume an interest she did not feel.

The Hon. John lived in Chicago, and his pet line was farther west. When tired of making money and fighting other lines on the Stock Exchange or by some sly coup, he would order the general superintendent or other official into Chicago to report details and plan improvements.

If it wasn't the general superintendent, then it was one of a division or a civil engineer and bridge builder. He had them at his house that his daughter might hear and secure experience, and when they had departed he would go over the matter again with her to make sure that she understood.

When the civil engineer engaged in building the bridge over Centiped creek was called in he and Miss Edith met. The Hon. John was in high feather that day. He had secured a mail contract over a rival line and had been told that the bridge could be built for $25,000 less than the estimated expense. He stretched his courtesy to invite the engineer to dinner and to ask Miss Edith to play the piano afterward.

Then two or three things happened that he didn't take cognizance of, although he was rated a keen and observant man.

From that night Miss Edith began to take more interest in railroad matters, especially in the department of bridge building, and Mr. Havens, the engineer, sent in reports that seemed to necessitate his visiting Chicago much oftener than before.

As punctually as the clock the Hon. John Sharpe took a trip over his line in his own private car every three months. Miss Edith had accompanied him twice before her sudden great interest had come to the surface, and her enthusiasm over the third approaching trip so pleased him that he patted her golden hair and feelingly observed:

"You are your own father's daughter, after all. You will come back better posted on the railroad business than any other girl in America."

"It must take a very brainy man to construct such a bridge as I have heard you and Mr. Havens talking about," she demurely suggested.

"It does, my dear—a very brainy man."

"And one pretty certain to rise in the world?"

"Um—y-e-s."

The Hon. John had risen in the world, and he took care to let the world know it. But he was rather opposed to any one else rising, especially anybody employed on the P. and G. road.

"Yes, Mr. Havens may rise in his profession," he reluctantly admitted, "but you must remember the social gulf now existing between us. I or you and I are the owners of the P. and G. road. Mr. Havens is an employee."

Ten days previous to the start on the third trip the Hon. John discovered something that threw him into a fervid flutter. It was not that his daughter in her enthusiasm to learn more about railroad bridge building was writing to the engineer for further information about the cantalever principle or that he in reply was telling about the tensile strength of steel and the strain put upon it under certain conditions.

It was that a feeder to his line was about to pass into other hands unless he could secure enough proxies to prevent this at the election to be held in Denver. He took off his coat and started in, and he came home one night with beaming face to say to the daughter:

"My dear girl, always remember that the first principle of railroading is to get possession of the road."

"But if you can't get enough of the stock?" she asked.

"Then get the proxies. Buy, borrow or beg, but get them. It is with proxies that I shall get control of the M. and W. I need only a thousand more votes, and they are in Denver waiting for me."

The Hon. John was rubbing his hands when his car left Chicago. He enjoyed coups, and he was on his way to make one. He felt just a little sympathy for the already routed enemy. Defeat would come with a dull thud, whereas he rather preferred something of a battle first.

"Proxies, my dear," he said to his daughter as he took a bundle of them from his pocket and thumbed them over—"proxies are the powder and ball to desolate the ranks of the enemy. Blessed be proxies!"

At Santa Fe business detained him half a day. He had scarcely left the car when Mr. Havens made his appearance and was received with a smile and a blush.

The talk between him and Miss Edith began about the bridge over the Centiped, but gradually came down to less scientific and more interesting things.

He referred to a hint she had given him in her last letter and assured her that he had acted on it, and he solicited her permission to ask her father a certain momentous question before the day had expired. That afternoon when the train had pulled out Miss Edith fluttered around for a bit and then timidly asked:

"Father, what will happen if you fail to get that thousand proxies you are counting on?"

"Why—why, I'd be knocked into a cocked hat, daughter. But I can't fail. I know just where they are. I shall receive a wire at the next stop. I am glad to see you so interested in the matter. Proxies are the powder and ball, and I'm sure of the proxies."

Half an hour later the Hon. John was stamping up and down the car and roaring at the top of his voice. He had received the expected wire and had been informed that the party on whom he depended had sold the stock at a sharp advance. This was the biggest setback he had received in five years. It meant a staggering blow to the P. and G. While he stamped and roared his daughter kept very quiet.

When he had got through smashing the English language he sat down hard and wiped his forehead and looked at the young lady with despairing eyes.

"Father, I don't think we are beaten yet," she said in reply.

"But we are, daughter. Those proxies are certainly in the hands of that infernal M. and W. gang, and they have got me tight. To think that I left it in the hands of Chilvers to betray me! Why, I deserve to be sent to an idiot asylum!"

"But the game may not be lost after all. You know you have been trying to make a railroad woman of me for a year past."

"But that miserable Chilvers sold out his stock on me!" shouted the father as he brought his fist down with a great bang.

"Yes, dear, but that's a part of the railroad business. If Chilvers sold his stock some one bought it, and some one has the right to vote it in the meeting tomorrow."

"But the M. and W. gang have got it, of course!"

"Perhaps. It's a part of the railroad business to find out. You didn't want me to stop at grades, sidetracks, switchbacks and bridge building, did you? My dear father, remember that the first principle of railroading is to get possession of the road, the next to keep track of stock and proxies."

"Girl, you know something," he said after a long look into her face.

"Well, suppose the M. and W. gang didn't get that stock?"

He gasped for breath and turned pale.

"Suppose that a gentleman interested in our road got it?"

The Hon. John sat with his mouth open.

"Suppose that a gentleman, a real nice gentleman, a gentleman interested in—in—you, got the stock with the idea of helping us out?"

"By thunder, but I'd break his ribs hugging him! Out with it, girl! Don't keep your old dad on the hooks this way."

"Well, then, Mr. Havens is in the Pullman ahead. He had to come up to Santa Fe to hurry the last of the bridge stuff down. As he knew how much you wanted control of that feeder and as he knew how interested I was in the railroad business he—he"—

But the Hon. John had sent the porter for Mr. Havens, and Edith skipped away to her stateroom. An hour later there was a knock on her door.

"Say, young lady, you think you're smart, don't you?" said the father as she appeared.

"I'm your daughter, you know!"

"Um—y-e-s! Well, I've told Havens that that bridge over the Centiped has got to be finished before there is any further nonsense. After that he will be superintendent of the P. and G., and if you learn any more about the railroad business it will be from him. You are a little too apt for me."

A Persian Romance.

A Persian plaque in the South Kensington museum, London, bears by means of clever relief and brilliant color a romantic tale, part legend and part history. Nobody knows the proportion of each.

At all events it is declared to be an incident in the life of Baharam V. of the Sassanian dynasty. Baharam, according to legend and plaque, was a wonderful archer. During one of his hunting expeditions, on which his favorite wife had accompanied him, he shot a sleeping antelope with such precision as to graze the animal's ear. The antelope awoke and, believing himself annoyed by a fly, put his hind hoof to his ear to strike off the fly. A second arrow sent by the royal hand fixed the antelope's hoof to his horn.

The king's wife merely said, "Practice makes perfect," which touched the pride of her royal spouse.

Indeed, as the penalty for her plain speaking she was sent out into the mountains to perish, but instead found shelter in a village. Here she lodged in an upper room ascended by twenty steps and, having bought a calf, carried it up and down every day. The king, passing by four years later, was amazed at seeing a young woman carrying a cow up a flight of twenty steps. The lady again took occasion to remark, "Practice makes perfect," whereupon she unveiled, was recognized and restored to favor.

Enough to Keep Him Waiting.

"I hate to have my husband find a horseshoe."

"Why?"

"He always brings it home, nails it up and then waits around for luck to strike him."

"Well?"

"And there never was such a man for finding horseshoes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup recommended by mothers for young and old is prompt relief for coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, whooping cough. Gently laxative and pleasant to take. Guaranteed. Should be kept in every household. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

THE HUMAN TONGUE.

It Is Very Inquisitive, With a Strong Will of Its Own.

The curiosity of the tongue does not cause the human being so much trouble as the curiosity of the eye, but the tongue, within its limits, is the most curious of all.

Let the dentist make a change in the mouth, let him remove a tooth or replace with his admirable artifice one that has long been absent, let him change the form of a tooth by rounding off a corner or building up a cavity, and see what the tongue will do. It w[illegible]atch out that place, taking care[illegible] fu[illegible] minute account of the change. Then it will linger near the place. If it is called to other duties, it comes back as soon as they are discharged and feels the changed place all over again, as if it had not explored and rummaged there already.

It makes no difference that these repeated investigations presently cause annoyance to its supposed master, the man. The tongue in nothing more than in this matter proves that it is an unruly member and will not be controlled.

It seems to have an original will and consciousness of it own, and nothing will serve it except the fullest satisfaction of its curiosity. It will wear itself out, perhaps, but it will find out all about the strange change.—Boston Transcript.

CANES IN SPAIN.

Some of the Natives Have a Small Arsenal of Them.

Every Spaniard has a stick, the well to do own several, and the "gilded youth" often has a small arsenal of them. The term arsenal in this case is used positively and not figuratively, as the Porto Ricans, like the Spaniards, have quite a craze for sword canes and dagger canes, and they make these with remarkable skill.

The blades of the finer specimens come from famous smiths in Toledo and other Spanish cities and are forged from the finest steel. Some are damascened and others are inlaid with silver and gold, some have worked upon them the name of the owner and others the name of a patron saint. The assortment of walking sticks in the shops in the larger towns is very varied.

They have fashions in sticks and canes suited to different ages and professions. There are sedate mahogany, ebony and rosewood sticks for clergymen and physicians and fanciful bamboos with gleaming steel inside for men about town. There are rough oak sticks for the Spanish Anglomaniac [illegible] who ape the styles of the boulevard. For travelers there are coffee sticks, thorns, tea sticks, leopard wood canes and orange sticks.—London Chronicle.

Funerals in Peru.

According to social usage, women in Peru cannot attend funerals, and they do not appear at weddings unless they are very intimate friends. When a funeral procession passes through the streets the coffin is carried upon the shoulders of the pallbearers, who are followed by an empty hearse drawn by two, four or six horses, according to the means of the mourners and their desire for display. All the male members of the family and friends of the deceased follow on foot, with a line of empty carriages behind them. As long as they are in the presence of the dead it is considered a proper and necessary evidence of respect to walk. After the body has been committed to the grave those who attend the funeral are brought home in carriages.

He Followed the Water.

"Could you do something for a poor old sailor?" asked a wanderer at the rear door of a suburban house one morning recently.

"Poor old sailor," echoed the housewife, who had opened the door.

"Yes'm. I followed the water for twenty years."

"Well," said the lady as she slammed the door in the face of her unwelcome visitor, "all I've got to say is you certainly don't look as though you had ever caught it."—London Answers.

"Alexandria, Egypt."

All correspondents with Egypt in all parts of the world should be warned that it is necessary to put the word "Egypt" on all communications addressed to Alexandria, as a great deal of trouble and annoyance has been caused owing to communications addressed to the Egyptian city being delivered to Scotland, Canada, New South Wales, Cape Colony, Italy, the United States of America and other countries where towns of the same name exist.—Egyptian Gazette, Alexandria.

The Berliner.

On the theory that might goes before right the Berliner fights his way past old ladies and tired women into crowded tram cars and ruthlessly jostles from his path the passerby in the streets with an obstinate insolence that goads the visitor accustomed to the higher civilization of other capitals to impotent fury.—Berlin Cor. London Outlook.

A Good Carriage.

Never neglect to go through some daily exercises which will keep the muscles in order, the head erect, the shoulders well thrown back. Carriage stands you in good stead even in old age.

Not Particular as to Weapons.

The waiter girl knew a thing or two about table etiquette, so she sniffed scornfully as she said, "It's not our custom to serve a knife with pie."

"No?" remarked the patron in surprise. "Then bring me an ax."

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Humor

A GENTLE COLT.

And What Happened to the Man Who Bought It.

"Whoa!" was the simultaneous exclamation of the two old Brownstown farmers as they met on the road and pulled up for a little chat.

"Goin' on past Sim Jones' place?" asked one of them after they had disposed of the weather and their families.

"Yep; I'm goin' a couple o' miles beyont him. Why?"

"Say," after a prolonged chuckle, "when you git front o' his place walk the hosses. If Sim don't show up, jest let on suthin has gone wrong with the wagon and go in and borry a wrench or a hammer. It's worth walkin' half a day to see Sim. Jenuiny, but he's a sight!"

"Bee stings or what?"

"I hain't sayin' a word, only see him. That's all. Mornin'. Git ep!"

As good luck would have it, Sim was limping up and down in front of his place, and no strategy had to be used in getting sight of him. There was a towel about his head, he had but one eye in commission, and it was two-thirds closed, his hair was cut out in blotches to accommodate an adhesive plaster, and he could just manage to locomote with a crutch and a cane.

"Hello, Sim!" shouted the man from the wagon. "Keers run over you?"

"No; the keers didn't run over me. Durned ef I'll 'us how much people wanter find out when they come along here. But I hain't makin' no grumble 'bout you, Abe, 'cause you and me allus been friends. I know I look jest 's though I'd been sawed and split and piled up. Did you see that feller 'round here his' week peddlin's a pop eyed black colt 'thout a white hair on him?"

"Yaas; stopped at my place and stumped me fur a dicker."

"Well, you'll never see him ag'in, Abe, ef I see him first. He tole me positive that colt was gentle as a kitten, and I bought him. That night I rode him inter the woods to look fur the cows, and when they found me 'bout midnight I was a blamed sight worse'n I am now. Ef you ever see that cuss, Abe, git me word ef it costs a dollar."—Detroit Free Press.

Just Like a Girl.

The Friend—Do you think she will keep her engagement a secret?

The Envious One—Well I should say not!

The Friend—Well, she received the gold band last night!

The Envious One—Indeed! Well, it is a wonder she don't hire a brass band to announce it today.—Denver News-Times.

Dusty's Kick.

"Dese automobiles are a nuisance," growled Dusty Dennis as he frowned at a passing touring car.

"What's de matter, pard?" asked Gritty George. "One of dem run you down?"

"No, but last night dey put me in a cell wid a chauffeur, and I couldn't sleep for de smell of gasoline."—Chicago News.

Self Accusing.

"I don't believe you know much about farming," said the patronizing man who had just settled in the neighborhood.

"No," answered Mr. Corntossel; "I kind o' think I don't myself. A man that knew much about farming would not have bought a farm anywhere around here in the first place."—Washington Star.

What Was Lacking.

Tom—When are you going to wed your pretty fiancee?

Dick (gloomily)—Indeed I do not know.

Tom—But the report is gaining currency.

Dick—Yes, but I am not gaining currency. That is just the trouble.—Chicago News.

All About Her.

Winkle—See that little woman in black over there? I'll bet there are more men crazy about that woman than any woman in town.

Hinkle—What makes you think so?

Winkle—Well, she's the matron out at the insane asylum.—Judge.

How It Affected Him.



Monk (the caddie)—Ever since Leo ate that Gordon highlander he won't do anything but play golf.

Unlike Some Married Men.

"It must be forlorn for a bachelor when he falls ill."

"That's so. No one to take in boarders for him."—Browning's Magazine.

THE WHISPER.

Of all the various modes of speech
Which polished art and nature teach
The whisper plays its part the best
With hints—which let you guess the rest.

That (rather Irish) wary "Whist!"—
That (rather ancient) caution "Hist!"
The modern "Hush!" all warn you lest—
Well, whisper—you can guess the rest.

Folks say that it is very rude.
It is when generally viewed.
Still, when a man's a social pest
Just whisper—he will guess the rest.

Bores, tattlers, gossipers and such,
Who know, or think they do, too much—
If you would stop them I'd suggest
A whispered hint—they'll guess the rest.
—La Touche Hancock in New York Press.

Proof.



"Do you know that your chickens come over into my garden?"

"I thought they must be doing that."

"Why did you think so?"

"Because they never come back."—Cleveland Leader.

His Revenge.

Shirley Brooks, one time editor of Punch, was noted for his whimsical humor.

"It annoys me," he said one day, "if I am discourteously treated at the threshold of a friend's door. I remember once calling on some one, and the maid, in her rudest manner, told me he was not in and shut the door in my face. I felt I must be revenged upon her somehow, so I returned after an interval of five minutes, rang the bell and in my meekest manner mildly said, 'Did I say he was?'"

Practical Scaling.

"Look here, Lucy," exclaimed Mr. Hardapple; "this is no time to be practicing on the piano. It's time to prepare dinner."

"But, pa, I am interested in scales," pouted Lucy as she pounded the keys.

"Interested in scales, eh? Well, I've a task for you. Go down in the kitchen and help your ma scale fish."—Detroit Tribune.

Their Achievements.

"He had three daughters. One married a French chauffeur"—

"I see! Quite romantic."

"The second married an Indian, a descendant of a chieftain"—

"I see! Quite aboriginal."

"But the third married a plain American business man."

"H'm! Merely eccentric, I should say."—Puck.

Accounted For.

Mrs. J.'s patience was much tried by a servant who had the habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day as the maid waited upon the table her mouth was open, as usual, and her mistress said:

"Mary, your mouth is open."

"Yassum," replied Mary; "I opened it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Long Story.

Ascum—Say, old man, what did your wife say to you when you got in last night?

Wrounds—Oh, are you just starting on your two weeks' vacation?

Ascum—No. Why?

Wrounds—Then you won't have time to listen. I can't talk as fast as she did.—Houston Post.

Why She Asked.

"Have you ever kissed a girl before?" she asked.

"Why do you put that question to me?" he replied.

"I only wished to know whether it was lack of experience or natural awkwardness that made you go about it in such a ridiculous way."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Pretty Quarrel.

"Yes," said the suburban citizen, "it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands."

"No hard words, I hope?"

"None whatever. My folks are trying to play the piano late enough every night to make the lawn mower artists next door oversleep themselves next morning."—Washington Star.

Concentrated.

"Say, why didn't you tell me that your father had a sore throat and couldn't speak?"

"I don't see what difference that could make."

"You don't? Why, it enabled him to concentrate all his energy in his feet."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Necessary.

Mrs. Noseigh—Jane, you haven't washed the front windows in over a week.

Jane—No'm. I didn't think it necessary since the neighbors across the street moved away.—Bohemian Magazine.

No Need For Anxiety.

Facetious Amateur Fisherman—I suppose the next thing the fish will all be muzzled.

Professional Angler—Oh, you have no need to worry. They won't bite.—Baltimore American.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—[illegible] W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Habgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—[illegible] B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bull, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. F. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. L. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. P. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sasse.
Justice—R. C. Gleason.
Constable—G. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Robin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daily, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings, at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
BURDETTE S. BAYLE, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2[illegible]73, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. [illegible] meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Beldwn Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE SAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
[illegible], Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 24, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLQUHOUN, Pres.
JENNIE EHRENSPERGER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA [illegible], W. M.
MRS. ELLA [illegible], Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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The Affair of the Count.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"Of course I do not wish to marry the count," said Miss Bernard petulantly. "If Aunt Dorinda gave you to understand"— She paused significantly.

"She did give me to understand that the affair was settled," muttered Emory, his gloomy eyes fixed on the flashing sails in the harbor. "In fact, she intimated that Americans cut no ice in the matter."

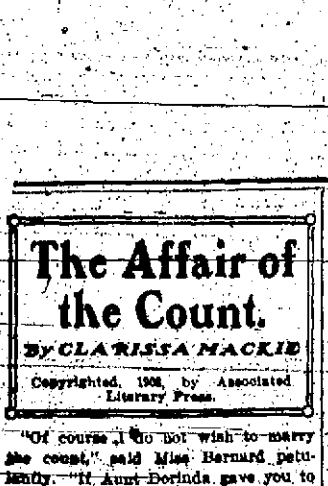
"Poor auntie loves a title," sighed Jean, ruffling her pretty hair distractedly. "Why couldn't she marry the count herself?"

Emory got upon his feet with sudden alacrity. There was fire in his red brown eyes and determination in the lines of his strong jaw.

"If Miss Leigh marries the count, will you marry me, Jean?" he asked delightedly.

Miss Bernard stared; then she laughed merrily.

"Why not? With auntie's craving for a titled position satisfied, I believe I might— Don't—not yet!" She waved off Emory's impulsive movement and sought refuge behind a high back-



"WHY—WHY," STAMMERED MISS LEIGH CONFUSEDLY—"WHY NOT?"

ed chair. "And now be off about your business, Mr. Stuyvesant Broker!"

She smiled derisively at him. Emory picked up his hat and ran down the steps.

"What are your engagements for this evening, Joan?" he asked calmly.

"The dance at the Bicknells', of course!"

"And Miss Leigh—and the count?"

"They dine with Mrs. Frake and come to the dance afterward."

"I will see you at Bicknells', Joan. Come early, dear," he said brazenly.

"Run away, you bold, bad, mere American!" retorted Miss Bernard saucily; then she watched him as he strode down the path and on to the shore road, a worn light in her gray eyes. "I would whether auntie married the count or not," she murmured mysteriously.

* * * * * * * *

"Eet ees so beautifulness of ze evening zat appeals to my lovaire soul," gurgled Count Leon Despagne as he joined Miss Dorinda Leigh on the veranda of the Frake mansion.

Miss Leigh, adjusted a lorgnette to her high bridged nose and peered up at the star jeweled sky and then over the moonlit bay, with its hundred anchor lights vaguely indicating the whereabouts of pleasure craft.

"It is very pleasant," she replied practically, "but of course it cannot compare with your own country! The romance, the beauty, the stateliness of the old chateau"— She sighed luxuriously.

"Ah, eet ees glorious, ze vale de Loire, ze magnificent Chateau Despagne. Ah, mademoiselle, what ees all of eet without your beautiful niece? You haf been so kind, so gracious, you are quite—sure?" His voice quavered doubtfully.

"There is no doubt about it, count," returned Miss Leigh in a tone of decision. "Of course Miss Bernard is quite young, but I assure you she is not as thoughtless as she may appear, and, I am quite sure that your affection is reciprocated."

The count grasped her thin white hand with an ecstatic cry. At that moment a servant approached them. "A note for Miss Leigh," he said.

Miss Leigh went to the drawing room window and perused the note in the stream of light that sifted through the lace draperies. When she turned her face was quite white and her hands shook tremulously.

"Order my car around, please," she said to the servant, and as he departed she whispered to the count: "This is terrible. I have just received news that my niece has eloped with that villainous young Emory! Will you join me in the pursuit, dear count?"

"Sacre!" muttered the count bitterly as he followed Miss Leigh to the drawing room to make their adieus. Five minutes later they were seated in the tonneau of the huge vehicle and whirling rapidly along the shore road toward the east.

As the miles curled out from under the tires Miss Leigh gasped scanty particulars of the flight.

"It was an anonymous letter, from a friend, I suppose. They eloped Bicknell dance in his auto- ing toward the east."

"Zere are so many cars," whimpered the count, turning up the collar of his light overcoat, "we cannot identify ze villain." His thin voice shook with rage.

"It is a white car. There are not many going this way. You see we are meeting some. None of them is white. I have ordered Francois to spare nothing to make the time." The chauffeur, bending low over the steering wheel, let out the speed a little more, and the machine swayed from side to side with a slipping, tearing grind that precluded any further conversation.

Watchful and observant, Miss Leigh and her guest sank into silence, and an hour passed as they whirred their way through town and village, eluding vigilant constables with reckless daredevilry on the part of Francois, who was drunk with a lust of speed. On the outskirts of the city Miss Leigh ordered him to slow down, and presently the machine panted motionless at the roadside while Miss Leigh and the count took counsel together.

At that instant, out of the darkness behind them, there shot a triangular ray of light, and a white car swooped down and stopped beside them.

"Oh, Aunt Dorinda! How could you?" came Jean's reproachful young voice.

"Count, I am sure you can make some explanation!" thundered Emory in stentorian tones.

"How could I what? What do you mean, Joan? Such impertinence on your part, Mr. Emory! Why—I understood—I received a note saying that you and Jean were eloping, and, of course—of course—the count and I were pursuing you!"

"It didn't look like it, Miss Leigh," said Emory in a muffled voice. "It would be most ridiculous for Jean and me to elope, for Joan is going to marry me anyway, but as soon as we heard of your el—er—that is, as soon as we heard that the count had kidnaped you"—

"Eet ees a lie! I haf not done zat thing!" vociferated the count's voice out of the darkness. "Eet ees ze young mademoiselle zat I love! Without her I am—despairing beggar for life!"

"You are making a scene, count," remonstrated Miss Leigh coldly. "As for you, Joan, you have broken my heart. I did not know you were so deceitful." When I spoke about the chauffeur and"—

"Mademoiselle," whispered the count with passionate intensity, "why not console my loneliness and go wis me? We will enjoy ze plaisure—ze beauty of Lolie"—

"Why, why," stammered Miss Leigh confusedly—"why not?"

Learn to Obey.

Learn to obey! By obedience I do not mean a merely outward submission to an overt force and authority, but the voluntary subordination of one's own will under the will of a better and higher intelligence. He who has not learned to do this in childhood will have great difficulty in learning it in later life; he will rarely get beyond the deplorable and unhappy state that vacillates between outward submission and uproarious rebellion. No greater wrong can be done to childhood than the one caused by our desire to spare it the necessity of obeying. Whoever conceives the duty of the educator to consist in giving in to all desires of the child, in gratifying all its wishes, makes himself guilty of the gravest sin toward his child. He denies it what, in view of its future mission, it cannot afford to lose—namely, the exercise in voluntarily subordinating its own will under necessity, be it a natural or a social one.—Professor F. Paulsen, University of Berlin, in Educational Review.

Strange Feats of Eye and Hand.

An expert who prided himself upon the smallness of his writing sent the president of the French academy a grain of wheat on which he had written 221 words. A Polish poet wrote all of Homer's "Iliad" on a piece of paper which could be rolled up small enough to go into a nutshell.

In the sixteenth century a man named Mark offered to Queen Elizabeth a gold chain of fifty links. The chain was so fine it could not be seen unless it was put on a sheet of white paper. To prove its lightness Mark tied it to a fly, which flew away with it. The most curious fact in this matter, which required so extraordinary a facility of touch for making this ornament, was that Mark was a blacksmith, accustomed to all kinds of heavy tools all day long.

A Spaniard, Joseph Faba, made a carriage as large as a grain of wheat. Under a magnifying glass it was possible to see the interior fitted up with seats, every detail being carried out to perfection.

Sure of Water.

Sir Joseph Prestwich had bought in 1904 a small estate near Sevenoaks, on which he built a residence, but it was high up on a dry and treeless chalk down. Where was water to be found?

So confident was Prestwich in respect of water supply that he at once engaged an old well digger to sink a well 168 feet deep. The boring proceeded, but when a depth of 161 feet was reached the two workmen went to the city and sought an interview with their employer, whom they found at his desk. They explained that there was no sign of water and that in their opinion it was useless to bore to a greater depth. "Go on," was the quiet rejoinder. "You will come upon water tomorrow. You are within two feet of it." Next day it proved exactly as Prestwich had foretold, and ever after, among many of the denizens of the valley, he had the reputation, much to his amusement, of not being quite "canny."—"Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Prestwich."

THE NORMAN FARMER.

He Carries His Top Soil With Him When He Moves.

The modern farmer was applying electrical massage to a curt horse's sprained knee. During the intervals of rest he talked farm talk.

"There are tenants," he said, "who, when they move, carry their farms with them as the tortoise does his house. These people are the Norman French, the world's best farmers. Where you or I would require twenty or thirty acres of land to keep one family, the French farmer will keep his family on a quarter of an acre. If he chose to cultivate twenty or thirty acres he would become a millionaire. His secret lies in the perfection to which he brings his top soil. What with fertilizing and watering and clearing, his top soil is the blackest, finest, richest soil on earth. His top soil is to the French farmer what her voice is to a prima donna. And when he rents he contracts that on the termination of his lease he may carry off eighteen inches of the top soil with him.

"When you see a French farmer moving one small cart carries his household goods, and in seven or eight enormous drays his top soil lumbers on behind."—New York Press.

THE MODERN HAT.

Its Serious Defects From the Hygienic Point of View.

The size, the style and incidentally the cost of women's hats, says a writer in the Berliner Tuschun, have taken up so much of the time of the people who make hats a study that they have not had a moment to devote to the head covering of the sterner sex. Considered from the hygienic point of view, little fault can be found with the hats of our sisters, although some of them, when viewed through the glass of reason, are unthinkable. But men's hats are faulty from the physician's point of view, and a wider knowledge of the defects of the modern hat would add to the already large army of bare-headed men. In order to demonstrate which hats should be avoided a perfectly healthy man was placed where the rays of the sun could strike him directly. He wore while taking the sun bath various kinds of hats for a period of fifteen minutes each. Every hat contained in the crown a thermometer, and these recorded as follows: The one in the panama hat 77 degrees, the straw sailor 81, the silk hat 85, the felt hat 95 and the black hat and yachting cap 99 and 100 degrees respectively.

A Bath a Month.

Apparently the people of Persia are not great believers in the old maxim "Cleanliness is next to godliness," for baths are only taken once a month by the people, when they go to the public baths and make amends, so to speak, for the infrequency of their ablutions by spending a whole day getting cleaned and trimmed. At the baths they are washed, shaved, dye their hair and nails, get shampooed and spend the rest of the day eating buns and drinking sherbet. There are fixed days for men and women, and on bath days a man goes about the streets shouting "Hammam!" ("Bath day!") After the bath the ladies have their hair plaited in a number of thin plaits, which are not opened and combed out until the next bath day comes round.

Thought Only of the Dynamite.

Some grim stories are told of Lord Kitchener, says the United States Gazette, and we have read one which, although we cannot vouch for the truth of it, has a decided Kitchener flavor about it. A young subaltern who was in charge of some works that were in course of construction in the Punjab had the misfortune to lose some native workmen through an accident with dynamite. Fearful of a reprimand from headquarters, he telegraphed to the commander in chief, "Regret to report killing of twelve laborers by dynamite accident." Back is said to have come the laconic message, "Do you want any more dynamite?"

Greedy.

Two Englishmen on a holiday in France were dining together at a Paris restaurant. Mr. Smith would order and ask for everything he wanted in doubtful French, while Mr. Cross would offer explanations that were in the nature of criticisms. At last Mr. Smith's temper rose to explosive point.

"Will you," he said—in English this time—"be so good as not to interfere with me in the use of my French?"

"Very well," retorted Mr. Cross. "I simply wanted to point out that you were asking for a staircase when all you wanted was a spoon!"—London Mail.

Suffering Humanity.

"Mrs. Sourmug, who thought she had a mission to look after suffering humanity, is married, isn't she?"

"Yup."

"I was surprised to learn that she had given up her mission in life."

"She hasn't. Her husband is going to be suffering humanity hereafter."—Houston Post.

The Pursuit of Pleasure.

We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach its fruits. But the fact is that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is overeager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure.

Man's Dull Attire.

Britishers are constantly becoming duller and more morose in the matter of their clothes. Their carelessness in this respect seems sometimes to amount to affectation.—Chambers' Journal.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BAGKUS.

Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Best Man

By EMELINE BARR.

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For the first time in his life John Amidon found himself in New York. It was a warm spring day—much too warm and too glorious to spend in visiting a round of stuffy offices. He would make a holiday of it and let business wait until tomorrow.

An inspiration seized him, and after some search through the various compartments of his leather wallet he drew out a dingy visiting card.

"H'm," he mused. "That's funny. I was sure I had his address. 'Richard Mulloney,' that's all it says, though, that's sure."

He put the card back thoughtfully.

"It was something about Washington," he reflected.

But the "something" had eluded him hopelessly. He drew a map out of his pocket and studied it carefully. With an air of triumph he at length pounced upon the words "Mount Vernon." He had it!

Should he consult a telephone directory? What was the use? It would be more fun to give Dick a surprise. Dick was just the kind of fellow to enjoy the unexpected. On the way out on the train Amidon indulged in pleasant reminiscences of college days when he and Dick had been such jolly good chums. Was it possible a whole ten years had gone since they had seen each other?

"But Dick's all right," he soliloquized. "It's a great thing to be sure of a welcome. He'll be just as glad to see me as I will"—

"Mount Vernon!" shouted the conductor, and Amidon got off hurriedly.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Richard Mulloney lives?" he asked the first person he happened to run into at the station. Before the person addressed had time to reply a six-year-old boy piped up:

"I can."

"Is that so?" returned Amidon gentlemanly. "Well, suppose you show me then. Will you?"

For answer the knowing one turned to lead the way importantly. When he came to the end of the station platform he stopped beside a shining automobile.

"Get in," he said to Amidon hospitably.

Amidon hesitated.

"Why, thank you, young man," he replied. "You are very kind, but if you'll just be good enough to tell me where Mr. Mulloney lives I'll walk there."

"But we're going right there," persisted Amidon's personal conductor. "Mr. Richard Mulloney is my father. I'm Richard Mulloney, Jr., you know."

In spite of his amazement Amidon was alert enough to be conscious of the chauffeur's silent chuckling. Richard Mulloney, Jr., was proving a most unexpectedly sprightly pilot. It might be well before committing oneself irrevocably to his management to ask a few definite questions. So Amidon addressed the amused chauffeur.

"I arrived from town on this last train," he stated. "Can you tell me if Mr. Mulloney is at home?"

"Very sorry, sir," returned the chauffeur civilly. "He's just started for town himself."

"And—Mrs. Mulloney?"

"She went with him, sir."

Amidon reflected a moment.

"Barbara's home," volunteered Mulloney junior.

Amidon's face lighted instantly. Barbara—that was Dick's sister, of course. He remembered, but this was no time for reminiscences.

"Is she, indeed?" he exclaimed jovially. "Then I will run out." And he jumped in beside Richard.

"Let's see," he mused, hardly conscious that he spoke, "how old must Barbara be now?"

"About thirty," Richard suggested.

Amidon glanced at the chauffeur. He was quite sure he was chuckling again.

"About thirty?" repeated Amidon. "It doesn't seem possible."

"She's grown up awful fast," Richard commented. "She was only just a girl when she went away to school, but now she does her hair up and stays up evenings. I wish I was thirty."

This yearning was accompanied by a very genuine sigh, but Amidon had quite forgotten to listen to the child's prattle. His own thoughts were more absorbing.

Had he or had he not met Dick's sister? So many fellows at college had sisters! If so, what had she looked like? She must have been very young—and to think of Dick's being married and never letting him know—more than that, to think of there being a Richard Mulloney, Jr.!

"Here we are," exclaimed the boy, "and there's Barbara on the porch. Hoo-oo!"

Barbara came to the top of the steps, looking at Amidon curiously.

As for Amidon, he was seized with a panic of misgivings. Surely, if he had ever in his life seen that girl, no matter how many years ago, he would never have forgotten her.

But he must say something, for young Richard had already climbed out of the machine and announced, "Here's a man to see you, Barbara," an introduction that certainly needed elucidating.

Amidon braced himself.

"I am John Amidon," he stated simply, standing below her, with hat in hand. "Your brother and I were friends at college. I hoped to find him here."

To his astonishment Barbara burst out laughing, revealing two very beautiful dimples in her glowing cheeks. She recovered herself with evident effort.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Amidon. There must be some mistake. You see, this is my only brother," she said as she lifted Richard junior off his feet and then let him down again with a suddenness that evidently tickled that young man's fancy.

"Well, it couldn't have been your father!" ventured Amidon.

At the absurdity of this suggestion Barbara and John both laughed heartily. Then Barbara had an idea.

"Why, of course, you mean Cousin Dick. Are you a Harvard man?"

John nodded. "Ninety-eight," he informed her.

"How stupid of me not to have thought of that at once!" Barbara accused herself. "But, you see, '98 is a pretty long time ago, and Dick has been abroad nearly ever since he left college."

It was all such a ridiculously mixed up state of affairs—the idea that Cousin Dick was married and that Richard junior was his son; that Barbara was Dick's sister—when in reality, as it turned out, Dick had no sister; that, most comical of all, Barbara was "about thirty"—well, what was there to do but to laugh and laugh about it?

"But how," suddenly broke out Barbara, "did you happen to find us here in Mount Vernon? Dick's family lives in New York, you know."

"What part of New York?" asked John.

"Washington square."

And then followed more explanations and more laughter.

When Mrs. Mulloney returned from town at luncheon time she found Barbara and John in the midst of an exciting tennis match.

"Who's playing with Barbara?" she questioned Richard junior after several futile attempts to recognize the young man.

"A man I brought from the station," Richard informed her haughtily.

"Richard, what are you talking about? What's his name?"

"Barbara will tell you. She likes him. They've been laughing lots."

The introduction with its subsequent explanations, at last over with, Mrs. Mulloney was all charming hospitality.

"Of course you'll come out and stay with us while you're here, Mr. Amidon. The city is so disagreeable in warm weather. It's a great privilege to be able to do anything for Dick's friends. We're all most fond of him, but he gives us very little chance to show it. You will make this your headquarters, won't you?"

John Amidon had to hold on to himself pretty hard. He was so happy that he feared he would appear overzealous in accepting the invitation.

Of course John Amidon fell head over heels in love with Barbara. Of course he decided to spend the whole summer in the east, and, of course, at the end of the summer he wrote to his chum, Dick Mulloney, commanding his congratulations.

"You're going to marry Barbara, aren't you?" asked Richard junior, bobbing abruptly out from under the hammock where the lovers were sitting one evening at twilight.

"You bet I am!" exclaimed John, catching him up affectionately.

"What will I be then," queried the puzzled Richard, "your cousin or your son?"

"You? Why," said John, laughing, "you'll be my best man, of course."

The Cruelty of Thoughtlessness.

Most of the cruelty of the world is thoughtless cruelty. Very few people would intentionally add to another's load or make his burden in life heavier or his path rougher. Most of the great heart wounds are inflicted by thoughtless thrusts, flung out often in a moment of anger, when perhaps we were too proud to apologize or to try to heal the grievous wounds we had made.

Can anything be more cruel than to discourage a soul who is struggling to do the best he can, to throw stumbling blocks in the path of those who are trying to get on in the world against great odds?

No life is just the same after you have once touched it. Will you leave a ray of hope or one of despair, a flash of light or a somber cloud across some dark life each day? Will you by thoughtless cruelty deepen the shadow which hangs over the life, or will you by kindness dispel it altogether? No matter how you feel or what is disturbing your peace of mind, never allow yourself to send out a discouraging, a cruel or an unkind word or thought.—Success Magazine.

A Last Dime.

A man one day called upon the first John Jacob Astor with a business proposition which demanded an investment of $100,000 on his part. While listening to the plan he kept groping and feeling about on the floor for something he seemed to have dropped. When the plan had been explained he said readily: "All right. I'll furnish the money." At that instant a man entered to tell him that one of his buildings had burned down.

"That happens nearly every day," he said, with the utmost unconcern, and went on feeling about with great care for that something on the carpet. Finally the visitor was curious enough to inquire what he had dropped.

"I dropped a dime here a moment ago," he replied, "and I can't find it. If a man's buildings burn down they are gone, and he can't help it, but a man who deliberately throws away 10 cents because he won't take the trouble to look for it is not to be forgiven."

The more you think over it the more you will see the good sense in that piece of philosophy.

ARTISTS' BLUNDERS.

A Procession of Monks That Adam and Eve Enjoyed.

Among the most amusing "breaks" by artists is a landscape by Turner in which a rainbow is depicted behind the sun. This occasioned almost as much humorous comment in English art circles as did the slip of Constant, the great French artist, who in his portrait of Queen Victoria painted the ribbon of the Order of the Garter the wrong color.

A picture of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden hung in the gallery of the Gesu, in Lisbon, represents the first couple as watching a procession of monks.

In the famous galleries at Antwerp are certain pictures of old masters in which the jumble of ideas is as remarkable as the technique is fine. In one picture of heaven the archangels are armed with bows and arrows, and in a celebrated painting of "The Murder of the Innocents" the massacre is represented as taking place in a city of Holland. The parents of the children are stout burghers, the Roman soldiers are Dutch policemen armed with muskets, and the innocent infants are transformed into solid schoolboys in bulgy woolen trousers and jackets and hobnailed shoes.

SOMNAMBULISM.

Some of the Curious Things Done by Sleepwalkers.

Many years ago an archbishop of Bordeaux attested the case of a young ecclesiastic who was in the habit of getting up during the night in a state of somnambulism and, taking pen, ink and paper, composing and writing his sermons. When he finished one page he would read and correct it. In order to ascertain whether the somnambulist made use of his eyes the archbishop held a piece of pasteboard under his chin to prevent his seeing the paper upon which he was writing, but he continued to write on without being in the least inconvenienced.

It is related of Negretti, a sleepwalker, that he would sometimes carry a lighted candle, as if to give him light in his employment; but on a bottle being substituted he took it and carried it without appearing to notice the difference.

Another somnambulist would dress in his sleep and go to the cellar, where it was his habit to draw wine from the cask without waking into anything and without spilling a drop of the wine; but if he happened to awake in the cellar he had great difficulty in groping his way out.—Lancet.

Another Kind.

When Johnny Hollis left his home up among the New Hampshire hills to visit his grandmother in Worcester, Mass., he was cautioned by his mother that he would find things in the city strangely different from those at home.

Johnny arrived in the early afternoon, and long before tea time his grandmother, who lived most economically, told him to run out to the pantry and get a bowl of milk which she had left there "for a hungry boy."

A moment later she followed him and, to her amazement, beheld her grandson bravely at work on a bowl of spearmint tea, which she had forgetfully put in the place where she had told him to find the milk.

"Why, child," she cried, seizing the bowl from poor Johnny, "don't you know this isn't milk?"

"I—I knew it wasn't like Hillbury milk," stammered Johnny, with a final gulp, "but I thought maybe it was the kind folks had in Worcester."

A Musical Spider.

The extraordinary musical sensitiveness of spiders has several times been proved. Every one has heard of Pellisson's spider. Consoler of the unfortunate prisoner, it perished because it listened too closely to the captive's violin. The jailer saw it and crushed it brutally. Gretry, the composer, speaks of a favorite spider which descended along its thread upon his piano as soon as he played it. When giving recitals at Brussels Rubinstein saw a large spider issue from the door of the platform and listen to the music. He gave three concerts at the same hall, and on each occasion the spider appeared.—Paris Revue.

Sailing Clubs.

The first sailing club was probably the Cork Harbor Water club, now known as the Royal Cork Yacht club, established in the year 1720. The vessels were small, and from that period until early in the nineteenth century yachting developed but slowly. In 1812 the Cowes Yacht club was founded, with some fifty-five yachtsmen. Since that date yachting associations have rapidly grown in numbers and strength all over Europe and America.—New York American.

Squelched.

Prosperous Young Actor (tired after a matinee and even-formance of successful play)—Ah, boys, I really think it's time all good actors were in bed. Grumpy Tragedian (looking up from his paper)—They are.—Life.

Unexpected.

"Why, Clara," said a mother to her little daughter, who was crying, "what are you crying about?"

"'C-cause," sobbed the little miss, "I-a-started to m-make dolly a b-bonnet, and it c-comed out b-bloomers."

Potential Incentive.

Nell—Do you think you could love him if he were rich? Belle—I would try harder!

Growing old is often merely a waste of time.—Philadelphia Record.

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Redney and the Lady.

By FRANK HOWE.

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Archibald Harris, better known to his one time friends as "Redney," in graceful allusion to his brightly colored thatch of hair, gazed disconsolately into the shop window, while the warm, enticing odor of freshly baked bread came through the grating beneath the window.

He was debating whether to buy a loaf of bread and make an evening meal or to save his sole remaining dime for a bed after he should have had a cup of coffee and a thick slice of bread on the "bread line." The bread line did not open until 1 o'clock, and Redney decided in favor of supper immediately. He was used to sleeping in the open, but he was unused to going hungry.

He half turned to go inside the bakery when his attention was attracted to a girl who had joined him before the plate glass. She was not uncomely, in spite of a certain shabbiness, and something seemed to stamp her as one of the homeless. With quick sympathy Redney turned to her.

"You hungry, too, sister?" he demanded.

The girl sprang back at the sound of his voice and made as though to move on, but the "too" was a common bond of sympathy, and she nodded silently.

"Ain't had nothin' since last night," she affirmed. "The landlady threw me out because I owe three weeks' board, and there ain't a chance in town for a job."

"Come on in," he invited, leading the way to the door. The girl stood silent while Redney purchased a loaf of bread and half a dozen cakes, depositing the last dime. Then he led the way to one of the small parks and divided the loaf and the cakes with her.

Both devoured the bread ravenously, and neither spoke until the last crumb



"YOU BET I AIN'T," WAS THE FERVENT ASSURANCE.

of cake had been eaten. Then the girl turned to her companion.

"You're all to the good," she declared gratefully. "What you goin' t' do now?"

"Nothin'. There's nothin' to do," he declared, with light humor. "No one seems to want me for odd jobs, and there's no chance for my regular job in these parts."

"What's that?" she demanded.

"Ridin' range," he answered, with a laugh, "tendin' cows."

"You are a cowboy!" she gasped. "You a real cowboy?"

Redney nodded his head.

"I guess that's what," he assented.

"You c'n throw a lasso?" she demanded, her eyes growing bright. Redney nodded again.

"I c'n fix you up," she declared. "Got your lassos?"

"They're at the place where I bunked last night," he assented. "I came east to try the theaters, but the theater fellows say they're all booked up, which means that they are some few shy of jobs for me. I'd go back west, but I'm busted."

"I'll show you," declared the girl. "You know amateur nights?"

Redney shook his head.

"That's a strange brand," he said.

"It's for the yaps," explained the girl. "They have 'em at all the theaters. If you're the biggest hit you get $10. It's a cinch if there's a girl with you. I'll let you throw the ropes at me, and we'll cop the coin."

[illegible] do they have 'em?" asked [illegible] growing interested.

[illegible] er." The girl made a sweep[illegible] re with her hand to indicate [illegible] ope. "They're all the go now. [illegible] ey have to have 'em on different [illegible] ights because there ain't enough amateurs to go around. We can play the [illegible] t. Come on and get your things, and [illegible] w you."

[illegible] rang to her feet, and Redney [illegible] llow [illegible] after. He was doubtful of ultima[illegible] ccess, but he was willing to do any[illegible] ng that would permit him to enjoy the cheering society of the girl for a couple of hours.

They went over to the lodging house where Redney had stored the valise containing his spare shirt and his ropes, all that was left of the outfit he had brought east. The rest had gone to the pawnshops.

The good natured clerk permitted them to go into the empty dormitory to practice, and presently the girl dragged him toward a theater whose big sign entreated the passerby not to forget that it was amateur night.

After a short parley with a gray coated special officer in the lobby they found themselves herded in a cellar under the auditorium with an odd assortment of "talent."

It was a long wait before the amateurs were marshaled upon the stage, but at last the chance came, and with the girl's final admonition to do his best ringing in his ears Redney followed her out upon the stage.

The lights bothered him a bit, and he was glad that he was not obliged to talk above the babel of noises, but the catcalls and hoots elicited by his appearance died down when it was seen that he was able to do strange things with a rope. When at last the turn was ended and he sought the comparative dusk of the wings the girl's warm "You done great" thrilled him with satisfaction.

Then the amateurs all lined up on the stage, and there was a lot of applause, and the stage manager thrust ten one-dollar bills into his trembling hands, and, with the girl's prompting, Redney bobbed his head in thanks and backed off the stage.

In the wings a man with a fur lined coat was waiting to lead him over into a corner. Presently Redney beckoned for the girl.

"This is the manager of the show that's here this week," Redney explained. "He says he'll give us jobs with the show. You get eighteen in the chorus, and I get thirty-five for doin' my rope act. I'll give you five to help me out. Want to come?"

"Do I?" echoed the girl. "Watcher want t' ask me for? Why didn't yer say 'Yes' before he changed his mind?"

"I'm not going to change my mind," assured the fur coated one, with a laugh. "Come around at 11 tomorrow."

He turned away, leaving the two face to face. Redney looked into the girl's glowing eyes. There lay knowledge of privation and of toil and of the ways of the world, but they met his fearlessly, and Redney was satisfied.

"Thirty-five and eighteen makes fifty-three," he said softly. "Wouldn't you rather share the fifty-three with me, Bess?"

"Sure," was her assent, half laughing, half bashful. "The manager's eighteen and your five makes twenty-three, and that ain't no sort o' luck. Besides," she added, as her face grew tender, "you're a white boy, kidding, an' yer ain't ever goin' t' be ashamed o' yer wife."

"You bet I ain't," was the fervent assurance. "I knew it was you I wanted out there in front of the bakery. Let's go and get somethin' real to eat, cow meat and coffee and sweet truck."

"Just as you say," Bess assented meekly. "It's up to you now." And she followed him toward the stairs up which they had climbed an hour before with such different feelings.

Bounced Through.

Sergeant Wilkins once defended a breach of promise case for a singularly ugly little man, which case, he told the defendant, after reading his brief, must be "bounced" through. And the sergeant did bounce it through.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said at the close of a most eloquent speech, "you've heard the evidence for the plaintiff. And, gentlemen of the jury, you have admired that most bewitching lady, the plaintiff herself. Gentlemen, do you believe that this enchanting, this fascinating, this captivating, this accomplished lady would for one moment favor the advances or listen with anything save scorn and indignation to the amorous protestations of the wretched and repulsive homunculus, the deformed and degraded defendant?"

His client looked up from the well of the court and piteously murmured: "Mr. Sergeant Wilkins! Oh, Mr. Sergeant Wilkins!"

"Silence, sir!" replied the sergeant in a wrathful undertone. "Gentlemen," he continued, bringing his fist heavily down on the desk before him, "do you think that this lovely lady, this fair and smiling creature, would ever have permitted an offer of marriage to be made to her by this miserable atom of humanity, this stunted creature, who would have to stand on a sheet of note paper to look over twopence?"

Instant verdict for defendant.—London Globe.

Notices Which Make You Smile.

There is quite a rich crop of humor, usually unconscious, to be reaped by the observant in the notices displayed in shop windows, of which the following announcement by a south end bird fancier is not at all a bad example: "Doves for sale, cheap. Eat nearly anything. Fond of children." Not long ago a Farrington road butcher had in his window this notice: "Wanted, a respectable boy for beef sausages." An east end publican announced, "Billiard tables upstairs, 1 shilling per 100." A well known High Wycombe tobacconist proclaims from his shop window, "This shop is open on Sundays from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m., in spite of Charles II." "Wanted, a warehouseman," ran another similar notice. "Applicants must be accustomed to rigorous discipline. Only the offers of such candidates will be entertained who have served in the army or been married for a considerable length of time."—Westminster Gazette.

'Twould Be Easy Then.

McJigger—It's all well enough to tell us to forgive our enemies, but I tell you it's a hard thing to do.

Thingumbob—That's what it is. We shouldn't be expected to forgive our enemies except when they freely admit that they don't deserve our forgiveness.—Philadelphia Press.

A Fortunate Man.

One day a young matron to the market place did go, where she bought an oyster plant, then set it out to grow. Said she, "Next winter we'll have oysters, fresh oysters every day, and what a saving it will be, with not a cent to pay. Oh, but hubby should be thankful it was his lot in life to get such a saving woman for his own little wife." —Chicago News.

An Eye Opener.

"Eight o'clock," exclaimed a guest at a hotel, yawning, "and I'm so sleepy I can scarcely open my eyes!"

"Shall I bring your bill, sir?" inquired a waiter.

A GHOST STORY.

The Spectral Horseman That Visits Wycollar Hall.

This ghost story is contributed by a correspondent of an English magazine: "Wycollar Hall, near Colne, was long the seat of the Cunliffes of Billington. They were noted persons in their time, but evil days came, and their ancestral estates passed out of their hands. In the days of the commonwealth their loyalty cost them dear, and ultimately they retired to Wycollar with a remnant only of their once extensive property. About 1819 the last of the family passed away, and the hall is now a mass of ruins. Little but the antique fireplace remains entire, and even the room alluded to in the following legend cannot now be identified. Tradition says that once every year a specter horseman visits Wycollar Hall. He is attired in the costume of the early Stuart period, and the trappings of his horse are of a most uncouth description.

"On the evening of his visit the weather is always wild and tempestuous. There is no moon to light the lonely roads, and the residents of the district do not venture out of their cottages. When the wind howls loudest the horseman can be heard dashing up the road at full speed, and, after crossing the narrow bridge, he suddenly stops at the door of the hall. The rider then dismounts and makes his way up the broad oaken stairs into one of the rooms of the house. Dreadful screams, as from a woman, are then heard, which soon subside into groans. The horseman then makes his appearance at the door, at once mounts his steed and gallops off.

"His body can be seen through by those who may chance to be present; his horse appears to be wild with rage, and its nostrils stream with fire. The tradition is that one of the Cunliffes murdered his wife in that room, and that the specter horseman is the ghost of the murderer, who is doomed to pay an annual visit to the home of his victim. She is said to have predicted the extinction of the family, which, according to the story, has been literally fulfilled."

THE CRITICS.

These Observers Were Wholly Personal In Their Judgments.

"The critical faculty is rare," said an editor and critic at a Philadelphia art club. "It must be impersonal. But most of us decline to be wholly personal in our criticism. The fact was brought home to me at one of the exhibitions at the Academy of Fine Arts.

"Passing from picture to picture, I overheard [illegible] lady in [illegible]

"[illegible] girl. It should [illegible] negle prize. It [illegible] gown was [illegible] Dagnan.'

"A [illegible] before a [illegible] titled 'The Last Room.'

"'This [illegible]' he exclaimed, 'is the most admirable I have ever seen. Terrapin, canvasback, champagne, lobster, even Perigord pie—ah, what a genius.'

"'In this historical painting,' I heard an antiquary say, 'the costumes are accurate in every detail. The painter is a second Raphael.'

"'That horse there,' said a young polo player, 'is exactly like my Podasokus. It's the best picture in the exhibition.'

"An athlete uttered a cry of delight before a daub called 'The Gladiator.'

"'What shoulders! What arms!' he said. 'I bet anything the jury gives this painting the highest award.'

"And half the throng, departing, said: "'The picture in the last room is the best. No, we didn't see it—couldn't get to it, in fact—but it draws far and away the biggest crowd.'"

Mole Superstitions.

According to tradition, if you have a mole on your chin you may expect to be wealthy, while if you have it under your arm it promises you wealth and honor as well. A mole on the ankle indicates courage. On the left temple a mole indicates that you will find friends among the great ones of the earth, but if it be placed on the right temple it warns you of coming distress. A mole on a man's knee means that he may expect to marry a rich woman. A mole on the neck promises wealth. If you have a mole on your nose you are going to be a great traveler. A mole on the throat indicates health and wealth.

The Silent Winners.

Examine our list of presidential candidates and see how few of them made stump speeches.

George Washington made none.

Thomas Jefferson made none.

John Adams, John Quincy Adams, James Madison, James Monroe made none.

Neither did Andrew Jackson, nor Martin Van Buren, nor General Harrison, nor James K. Polk, nor Franklin Pierce, nor James Buchanan.—Jeffersonian.

Race of Life.

There wouldn't be so very much fun in living if there were not a hurdle or two to jump over in this race of life. There always have been obstacles, and there always will be, and it is of no use to repine over them.—Manchester Union.

Our Neighbors.

Sunday School Teacher—Why did the Lord command us to love our neighbors? Little Lola—Oh, I guess it was another way of telling us to love our enemies.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Her Odd Way.

Giles—My wife is a queer woman. Miles—Indeed? Giles—Yes. Why, when she has occasion to drive a tack she uses a hammer instead of a hairbrush.—Chicago News.

Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.—Tennyson.

HOLDING THE BABY.

Introducing a Nice Point In Baby Carriage Etiquette.

"That fellow doesn't know the first thing about the etiquette of the baby carriage," remarked one of a group of men at Thirty-first and Main streets. The comment was made to all in a general way. One of the group, the man with a frayed collar and a look of patient resignation, gazed anxiously at a couple about to board a car. The mother was sparring in a desperate sort of way with one of those baby carriages which shop salesmen can open and close in a minute and the users in from five to thirty minutes.

"Don't see anything wrong with that," said the man with the frayed collar. "He's got to hold the baby even if she does have to wrestle with the carriage. You don't think he ought to hold the baby and take care of the carriage, too, do you?"

"Well, there's one thing sure," rejoined the objector—"the man doesn't know a thing about baby carriage etiquette. What you want to do is this: If the baby weighs more than the carriage, it's the man's place to hold the baby. If the carriage weighs more, he should hand the baby to his wife."

"Oh, piffle!" interpolated the man with the big black cigar. "You're way off. What he ought to do is to hand the baby to his wife and the carriage to the conductor."—Kansas City Star.

POINTING THE BONE.

Queer Superstition of the Native Blacks of Australia.

The native blacks of Australia are steeped in superstition. A black fellow will on no account go near the spot where another black has been buried. He has a deep rooted aversion to one particular bird, the wagtail, because, he says, "him all day talk, talk along a white feller, tellum all about black feller," and no opportunity is lost of killing these little birds.

Many tribes "bury" their dead by sticking them up into the forks of trees and there leaving them till the flesh has either dropped or been taken, leaving the bones clean. These bones are then taken down, the larger ones buried and the smallest handed round as keepsakes to those nearly related to the deceased. Should one black fellow wish the death of a rival or enemy he points the bone at him. This means that he takes one of his interrelation's bones from his dilly bag and points it, in the presence of witnesses, at the man he wishes to get rid of, all the time pouring forth threats and curses.

Strange as it may seem, the one pointed at will often languish and eventually die, perhaps in a month, perhaps in a year, for no sooner is the bone pointed than he makes up his mind to die, and there is no saving him.—London Standard.

The universe is not rich enough to buy the vote of an honest man.—Gregory.



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